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The London Charivari

THE award of the Lenin Peace Prize to Mr. Khrushchev before the summit meeting suggests an attempt to upgrade representatives and win a round of psychological warfare at the first exchange of hospitality. It is obviously important that the Western states should see that their own men are not at a disadvantage. We do not give peace prizes, preferring to leave it to the Norwegians or, in ignorant moments, the Swedes; but there are plenty of other awards consonant with the British Way of Life. Is Mr. Macmillan an Elder Brother of Trinity House or a Freeman of the City of London? Would some struggling university make him chancellor in return for a more liberal attitude on the part of the University Grants Committee? Or what about the Presidency of the M.C.C.?

Fair and Dull

IT seemed rather hard on the International Olympic Committee to be



accused of "permitting race discrimination." What are they supposed to do—arrange dead heats in all events?

... and Battles Long Ago

FAITHFUL to its outdated game of Knock, Knock, a Sunday newspaper referred to Ralph Lynn, the Aldwych farce comedian, as an "almost forgotten star," explaining that to

people under thirty his name meant little if anything. People under thirty cannot have forgotten a man they never knew, nor can older people have forgotten him saying "Good morning, eggs, good-morning, bacon," as he came into breakfast. According to this journalistic logic people under fourteen have forgotten the last war and I cannot remember much about Trafalgar, Grimaldi or Colley Cibber.

Smiling through

WITH the news that luggage is to be examined by female Customs officers



many women tourists are planning what to say the first time they see their holiday wardrobe being turned over with a raised eyebrow and an air of controlled amusement.

The Sock Syndrome

SOME girl has got to darn his socks," they used to sing; what these feather-brained serio-comics should have had the wit to know was that the song ought to have been "Some girl has got to buy his socks," because when a man insists on buying his own "it is part of the syndrome of marital unhappiness," according to a motivational research study conducted by the Du Pont Company of New York. In the U.S. half the men's socks sold are bought by women. British statistics in this field survey are lamentably



"It's for the reconstruction, betterment and scenic amelioration of surface coal stocks."

lacking, but most men I know rely on Christmas and birthdays for replenishing their sock, shirt, and tie bins from sheer idleness rather than syndrome anxieties. Jonson's learned sock which attracted Milton's attention was unlikely to have been bought by his wife, from whom Ben long lived apart.

Fault

THE curious case of Miss Christine Truman confirms my opinion that amateurism in first-class sport is now so meaningless that the whole nonsensical business ought to be swept away. By dropping her from their list of "nominated players," the Lawn Tennis Association will (it is said) deprive the amateur Miss Truman of about £300 a year's worth of privileges, and a Mr. H. G. Sweetland has decently come along and offered to give her the money to get them back again. This offer, say the L.T.A., would not affect Miss Truman's amateur status. On the other hand, if Miss Truman played a friendly game of tennis in her back garden with Mr. Lew Hoad, her amateur status would burst like a bubble. Is there any sense in this?

Heavy Roller Extra

MY arithmetic is rough, but has been let loose to some effect on the B.B.C.'s decision to pay £125,000 for the rights to televise the Test Matches. Supposing two hundred runs

to an innings, or eight hundred to a match, or (it seems to me), four thousand in the series of five, it looks as if the Corporation is planning to fork out about £31 a run; or, to put it another way, and assuming no declarations, £625 a wicket. All this is assuming the cricket-lover's crazy dream of matches televised *in toto*. But we're not likely in practice to see more than about a couple of hours a day on an average. Exercise: Estimate the cost of each run and wicket actually screened, together with the cost of fast bowlers ambling back to their marks; work the weather in somewhere; remember that you should really be at the office; consider whether you would prefer Liberace. Send a note of thanks to Sir Arthur Forde, saying that it would be worth it anyway, and at twice the money.

No Clangers

I WAS sorry to see that Churchill's first declaration in Washington was that he would not say everything he thought. This may have been a satisfying dig at recent bouts of outspokenness by lesser celebrities, but could make for uncomfortableness round the White House dinner table. It is disconcerting to think that one's guests are choosing their words all the time. More distressing is the notion that the

old war-horse emeritus is losing the snort that burned through the wool of a million wartime minutes. One would have hoped that Winston would have been all for the frankly dropped brick, which at least says in straight language exactly what the sayer has in mind, and is refreshingly shocking in an age where diplomatic word-spinning, designed to give offence to none, ends up more often than not in saying absolutely nothing.

Oiling the Wheels

ONE or two people were asking last week precisely what the Shah's visit was expected to achieve. The pretty general conclusion in London's three-day traffic jams was that it was giving a fillip to world petroleum sales.

Ignorant Arbiters

MR. JOHN OSBORNE's timely protest, after unfavourable reviews of his musical comedy, that "not one daily paper critic has the intellectual equipment to assess my work" redirects attention to the scandal of unqualified quackery rampant in this profession. Not even a diploma, let alone a degree, in Osbornery is expected of these semi-literate charlatans who swagger into their free stalls night after night and then air their brash views in turgid type. Chiropodists, masseurs, veterinary surgeons have to satisfy the examiners before they are let loose on our corns, backaches and poodles, yet assessors of the genius of rare John Osborne can set up shop without so much as a licence as freely as if they were selling candy floss.

—MR. PUNCH



STARTING NEXT WEEK

"Once Again Assembled Here"

A series of articles in which notable schools in fiction are revisited and reconsidered. The establishments under review are those appearing in *Jane Eyre*, *Stalky & Co.*, the *Greyfriars* stories, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Eric*, or *Little by Little*, *Young Woodley*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and contributors to the series will be:

Evøe
Richard Findlater
Stella Gibbons
Christopher Hollis
Arthur Marshall
John Raymond
Gwyn Thomas



CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY



12 Qualifications and Careers

By SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN

THE Latin word *ut*, you remember, followed by the subjunctive, had two meanings, different though easily confused. There was *ut*, "in order that": and there was *ut* "with the consequence that." As Messrs. North and Hillard used to say, just to make it more difficult, *ut* final and *ut* consecutive.

Which things are an allegory.

In the high and far-off times (that is, in the days when the words "hearty" and "aesthete" meant something and you could tell which was which) young men, we are told, drifted to Oxbridge, consumed gallons of college beer, sweated mightily every afternoon, were smoked at intermittently by their tutors, *ut*, with the consequence that, they obtained degrees. Whereupon they went off to govern the Empire, broke stocks, eat for the Bar, or earn an honest living teaching cricket in a prep. school. It never occurred to anybody, apparently, to inquire what "subjects" the Bachelor had studied, or to imagine that any one "subject" might have been more appropriate than any other to any particular manner of making a living.

Whereas to-day, we are told, things are all quite different. The young man rides through Redbrick on a flood-tide of public money, assiduously abstaining from everything but lectures and laboratories, *ut*, in order that, he may get a degree, *ut*, in order that, he may get a better job than he would have got without one. And he must be careful to collect the precise specialist qualifications which will be needed to fill the particular white coat in which he aspires to boff.

Well, of course, there's something in it. Just enough to be frighteningly misleading. Undoubtedly life for the

undergraduate to-day is more real and more earnest than it used to be; and if the grave is not the goal, a job is. He spends far less time sweating about a playing-field than his predecessors did. He spends less time nattering all through the night about God, Freedom and Immortality. He spends more time being instructed. And he spends more time worrying, especially about his grant, his Finals and his job.

Yes, but more (or less) than whom? It seems to be assumed nowadays that thirty years ago the universities were populated entirely by languid or leathery young gentlemen who would never have to consider anything so banal as a

day's work. True, there were a few; and half of the few, to the stirring call of the hunting horn, regularly pitched the other half into Mercury (or whatever corresponds at the other place) of a Saturday night. But these were the froth (to use no more inelegant a metaphor) on the surface of the university's tankard. The solid staple of the brew were steady, unremarkable, reasonably laborious "good Commoners." They knew perfectly well that the day was coming when they would have to earn their livings. But they had the wit to combine their preparations for that day with maximum enjoyment of three or four years which could never happen





"You can put them down now, Harold."

to them again. They were probably less clever, man for man, than their present-day successors; and in a technical sense they probably knew less. They were also less harassed, less hurried, and less hag-ridden by that looming job. (They were also, incidentally, less bothered about their "rights.")

There are all sorts of reasons for the differences. Everything else has changed, feverishly and fundamentally, during the past thirty years, and it would be very odd indeed if undergraduates had not. But besides all that there is one element in this job business which has altered the whole picture. Nowadays it is all so damned specific and detailed. It is not enough now to be a scientist.

(Rumour had it that there were some of these thirty years ago.) Now you must be not only a scientist but a botanist, not only a botanist but an agricultural botanist, and not only an agricultural botanist but a tropical-agricultural botanist, if you want a job in the Colonial Office Agricultural Advisory Service in Central Africa. Of course you must, and very sensible too, from the point of view of coping with swollen shoot or whatever it is that the cocoa tree suffers from. But meanwhile your aspirant to the C.O.A.A.S. in C.A. hasn't been exactly encouraged to become anything but an aspirant to the C.O.A.A.S. in C.A.—and, after all, he will have a lifetime of being a C.O.A.A.

Much the same goes for other jobs. Unless they have taken a postgraduate diploma in Education, graduate teachers are nothing but scabs. Doubtless they are better equipped pedagogically. Or are they? It would be the part of an audacious man to assert that all our children are better taught than we and our fathers were by our uncertificated and unenlightened mentors in grammar schools (to say nothing of odd places like Eton, Rugby and Winchester) half a century ago. And if the teacher is professionally a better object is it certain that he has lost nothing amateurly?

Here is the vile and vicious circle. Specialization inside the job, whatever it is, is such that the job-specification (ah,

there's the word that gives it all away) is so precise that to get the job the candidate has to specialize himself with precise particularity. During his early years in the job he becomes more and more specialized, until one of two things happens. Either, being a complete specialist, he is passed over for one of the "top jobs." Or, being a complete specialist, he is not passed over for the top job but put into it. And he proceeds thereafter to recruit to himself seven other devils just like himself but more so. And so it goes on.

That's not the end of it, alas! nor the beginning. It is buffered straight back into the schools, partly because all these undergraduate specialists come from schools, partly because the schools, geared to the production of an output of this kind, treat their other inmates on the same prescription. How, these things being so, can a child escape the fate of studying nothing, from fifteen onwards, but chemistry, physics and biology? His parents want him to pass the examination for university admission. So do his specialist teachers. So, quite often, does he. Any headmaster knows that if he tries to keep such an one sane by requiring him to study English literature for three hours a week out of thirty-six he is bitterly accused by all

the other interested parties of trying to ensure that the boy should fail.

In actual fact there are a good many signs of a revolt from this specialist mania. "The Graduate in Industry" is fashionable. (It could be that the fashion might change.) Not, be it noted, simply the specialist graduate, in nuclear physics or marine engineering or dairy microbiology, but the graduate, *tout court*, *per se*, or as such. The repetitive footsteps of an army of highly intelligent talent-spotters, the ears and eyes of distant tycoons, wear holes in the carpets of the offices of University Appointments Committees week by week. "No, not necessarily a specialist, old boy; we, the more progressive and forward-looking among us, if I may say so, are just as much interested in the Arts Graduate. What we really want is personality, willingness to work, ambition, reasonable intelligence, and of course, most important of all, qualities of leadership. Yes, I grant it's all a bit difficult to define; but we know what we mean—and I'm sure you do." Here we are again, this is where "job-specification" came in, but this time its hat doesn't fit quite so snugly. And here again, oddly enough, is that "good Commoner" of yesteryear, *redivivus*.

Well, apart from the fact that those are the qualities everybody else wants in his employees, how exactly is a university supposed to supply its graduates with them? Opportunities it can provide in thousands for the further development of these characteristics in those who already possess them—so long as they are all willing to behave as fodder for each others' ambitious and determined leadership. But the number of Professors of Determination and Readers in Leadership can be counted on the fingers of no hands. And it will be over several dead bodies (as with television sets in schools) that their number will increase. Do employers envisage the injection of shots of leadership and ambition into nerveless arms on alternate Mondays and Fridays each term?

It all comes back to this—which *ut* are we after? Is there any reason why we should be haughty about teaching people so that they will get jobs? Of course universities do not exist to lay on degree courses to follow the idiosyncratic requirements of a particular employer. But the holier-than-thou attitude, which regards universities as

sacredly non-vocational, must give a hearty laugh to the centuries-long apostolic succession of graduates in theology, medicine and law. Here is the delightful nonsense in our anti-vocational purism. We now regard the "cultural" as antithetical to the "vocational," and the "cultural," heaven help us, as the useless. So we inflict the study of Latin on defenceless boys and girls just because it is uncontaminated by any taint of usefulness. But the reason why it was the basis of our liberal classical education, the purest and most amateur pastime of the present day, is that it was the one essential piece of vocational equipment for those splendid figures who formed the ecclesiastical and secular Civil Service in the days when Britain really was governed. So why this pharisaism about vocational studies at universities? It is a spinsterish nineteenth-century invention from which we are just now recovering as we come to understand that even Top People need to know something.

For our young women, of course, it's trickier still. The country is not yet convinced that it is getting its money's worth when a girl gets a grant-aided university education and then rushes into matrimony and pours the whole thing down the kitchen sink within a couple of years. But she doesn't. More likely she spends the first years of matrimony (if that's the right word) supporting a husband whose research is not yet paying enough to keep two, still less three or four. Even more likely, they are both in gainful employment. And why not? And, anyway, if the girls didn't get married, who would there be for the young men to marry?

Heaven knows the poor universities have enough crosses to bear. They are not (repeat not) going to re-model themselves to suit the temporary whims of enlightened employers. But they have always, down the centuries, played their part in meeting the country's needs. To-day no less they recognize their obligation. Besides, they know about butter on which side of bread. The nation pays, and the nation has a right to value for its money. Ivory towers my foot.

☆

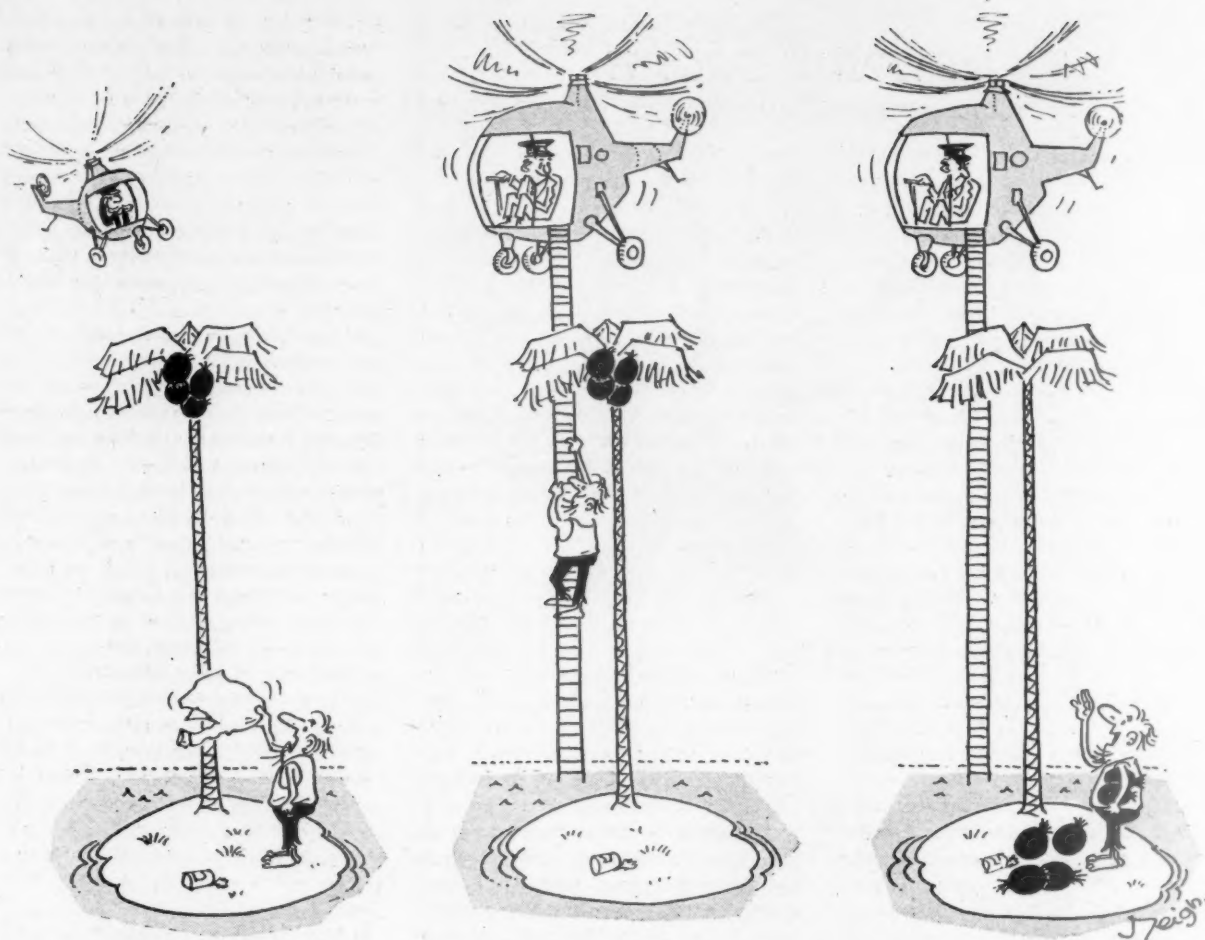
"WOMEN PRIESTS: PRIMATE SPEAKS"

News Chronicle

Making hay while the sun shines?



"Bishop to Queen Three . . . check!"



Pry in the Sky

By RICHARD MALLET

IT'S nice to have something like confirmation (from the recent meeting of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences at Washington) that there is life on Mars, as it seems to be getting more and more likely that there soon won't be any here. Somebody to keep the old flag flying, what?

I speak figuratively, you understand. So far they just think they've confirmed that the dark patches we have heard about for years really are vegetation, and I imagine it would take any patch even of Martian vegetation a few laborious light-years of unhindered creeping about even to design a flag,

let alone fly one. But that was the sober consensus at the meeting of the N.A.S.: very probably there are *some* living things up there. We are not alone, even if they soon will be.

The evidence is rather charmingly described as "spectral." This means it has to do with the spectrum, a somewhat more mature—anyway, more lined—version of dear old VIBGYOR that so many of us knew in our youth. But in another sense the adjective might be applied by sturdy sceptics—sceptics like us to quite a bit of the evidence that seems to satisfy some theorists in the scientific world.

Occasionally scientists believe things for what to the rest of us appear baffling and even frivolous reasons. Last year, I gather, the Russian astronomer Kozyrevh claimed to have observed an active volcanic eruption on the moon. You and I, who have grown up in the shade (if you understand me) of nothing but *extinct* lunar volcanoes, might naturally be inclined to greet his observations with reserve. But I read that one U.S. professor who expressed "doubt and puzzlement" was "jumped on" by many colleagues at this meeting because one of the strongest reasons on the Russian's side is "that it would have

CHESTNUT GROVE

Bert Thomas first contributed to PUNCH in 1905



"TIDE BE A-GOIN' OUT, ZUR."

"WELL, I'M KEEPING PACE WITH IT, I THINK."

June 17, 1925

taken a great deal of imagination to fake such elaborate results."

Think this out. It implies that many American astronomers cannot conceive of the possibility of one particular Russian astronomer's having a great deal of imagination. May one suggest that this in turn implies a serious lack of imagination in many American astronomers?

We are now staring into a corridor of mirrors, and the last bus for the mainland would appear to have left. The evidence on every side is about as spectral as it can get before someone starts to squeak and gibber.

Moreover, within a few hours of this report we were reading the claim of another Russian scientist, Dr. L. Shklovsky, that the two small moons circling Mars are really artificial satellites put into orbit by Martians no longer walking their vegetation. The reasons he advanced for believing this filled about half a column of small type in the *Manchester Guardian*, and were full of statistics. It would have taken a great deal of imagination to fake them. Do you want to reject Dr. Shklovsky's claim with a bluff cry of "Nonsense," or do you say he's a stolid unimaginative character incapable of making it all up? You can't have it both ways.

If he's wrong, you applaud his imagination.

The effect of this sort of you-can't-win problem on Pavlov's dogs was to give them hysterical breakdowns, and I foresee the same result with any strongly anti-Russian American astronomers. Not one of Pavlov's dogs was ever fired at the moon, either.

But it's soothing, for those of us who

are worn out by miles of running from bus-stops to the places where buses actually do stop, to contemplate the tireless energy of the boys in this line of business. (On no account should we confuse them with the nuclear physicists, who are widely thought to be suffering from an underdose of sleeping pills.) They are hard at work now on space rockets that will check all these theories about Mars and the moon by actual observation.

I am specially interested in the project for a rocket called *Novo*, which will be designed to carry sixty or seventy tons, either in orbit or with a driver and conductor to the moon and back (bringing souvenirs, I suppose—lava? cheese?). It is announced that *Novo* will have "four large engines strapped together." Strapped together! Each of these engines, if I read the account correctly, will have a thrust of 1.5 million pounds. It occurs to me that tensions might be set up strong enough to break one (*flup!*) or even two (*flup! flup!*) of the straps, particularly if someone has been niggardly with the saddle-soap. To say that the word "strap" means something different in an engineering context is no answer. Or rather it is an answer, but I can't hear you when you haven't got your wig on.

I hope you don't believe all this. It would have taken a great deal of imagination to fake.

On Yet Another Great Sale of French Impressionists

WHERE are the Philistines who thronged Cheapside?
Financiers who labelled Art effete?

Mammon has taken Painting for his bride;

They wander arm in arm down Lombard Street

Where business men and bankers pause to speak

Of Gauguin's colour sense and Renoir's skill;

Exchanging views upon Van Gogh's technique

Amidst the noise and bustle of Cornhill.

For City gentlemen, who'd always thought

Their legs were being pulled, have learned the game,

And—"Art is long," they cry, "though Credit's short."

And—"Beauty is Wealth, Wealth Beauty," they declaim.

(While in the shadows of the Barbican

Brokers await with keen anticipation

The final recognition of Cézanne—

The impending formal Stock Exchange quotation.)

— KEITH STYLES

Sightscreen on Cricket

2. Improving the Game

By IAN PEEBLES

OVER the years I have acquired a good many ideas on the improvement of cricket, but must admit that in view of fairly recent developments some of them call for revision. For a start I have always upheld the alteration to the l.b.w. rule and indeed advocated its extension. It has been a tricky law throughout cricket history ever since in early days the legislators inserted a canny clause which said that the batsman was out should he put his leg in the way "with a purpose." When the only protection for the batsman's shins was his silken hose he probably thought twice even in a hardy age before facing the umpire with a problem involving thought-reading as well as geometry. But by the time pads had swollen sufficiently to provide complete shock absorption the most craven of strikers could use his legs freely "with a purpose." As it always seemed to me that a ball good enough to beat the bat and hit the stumps deserved a wicket I applauded the widening of the rule to include the off-side. I hoped Bradman's idea to dispense with the clause concerning the leg being in a line between wicket and wicket would be adopted.

Now my opinion has wilted before the monotonous spectacle of in-swingers and off-spinners driving the play towards a packed on-side field. Let us therefore return to the old rule and, to mitigate to some extent its inherent injustice, widen the wicket at least to the point where a fast bowler of high action can pitch on and hit the wicket with a straight good-length ball. R. E. S. Wyatt, a profound thinker on such matters, advocates a fourth stump, but here I take issue on æsthetic grounds. Three stumps have a certain symmetrical beauty, but any more would look like a five-barred gate. Anyway, think of the cricket writer wrestling with the "inside off" or the "outside leg" whenever the castle was struck.

Further discouragement to dreary on-side tactics should be given by making the experimental limitations of the on-side field general law.

One particularly damping feature of modern cricket, especially in international sides, is anything up to four fast bowlers on the same side. One fast bowler is a fine inspiring spectacle, two may be company, but any more is a crowd, or rather a mob, and at times in Australia with spells of fast bowlers, all running upwards of eighteen yards, the rate of fire dropped to fifteen overs (eight balls) an hour.

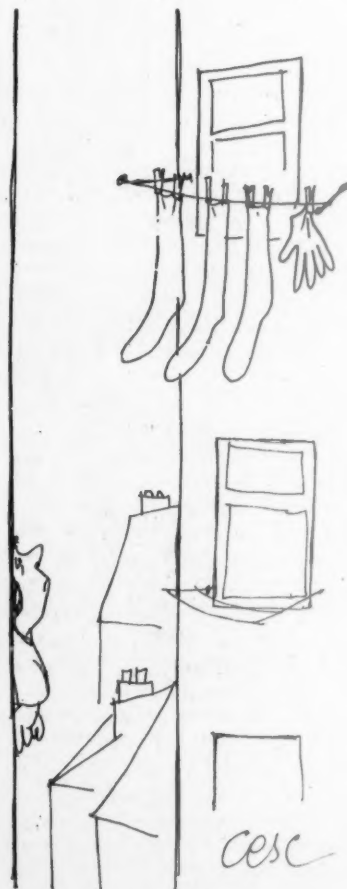
One also has the impression that habits on the field have changed. Looking to yesteryear one sees in the mind's eye Lol Larwood marching briskly back to the end of a sixteen-yard run to the strains of the "Washington Post." Now the fast bowler lumbers back twenty-eight yards, head bent, shoulders bowed, to the sombre tempo of "The Volga Boat Song," punctuated by sarcastic inquiries from the Hill as to whether he has lost a loved one. (Possibly I have stumbled on a new field for investigation. If incidental music would help to accelerate the proceedings I would even settle for Tommy Steele—in short bursts). The real answer to this problem is very difficult to find, but one would hope that on fast wickets other and less ponderous forms of attack, such as leg-spinners, would gradually supplant the massed batteries beloved of Napoleon and modern captains.

In fact the one condition essential to all these suggestions is that every effort is made to produce fast true wickets. To this end the present experiments with covering pitches are all to the good and the practice might well be extended. As I have previously argued, many of our troubles, and the dullness of much of our cricket, can be ascribed to dusty and muddy wickets. If and when runs become over-plentiful it will be time to consider some logical means of adjusting the balance. But it must not be at the expense of the stroke player.

After an age of superb fielding England has again receded in this department and is now obviously inferior to Australia in every respect.

This I would attribute to one of the first causes of all our troubles, which is that we try to play too much cricket.

It may be said that the summer programme is no greater than in pre-war days. But circumstances have changed a great deal. Amateurs are rare in times when harsh economics have extinguished even the temporary gentleman of leisure. The steep rise in wages and salaries has lessened the attraction of cricket as a career, with its element of risk, while the great increase in the strength of certain Commonwealth countries puts an immense and increasing demand on our limited number of top players. These and less tangible



factors war against attractive domestic cricket at a time when, if cricket is to hold its own unaided by supporters' clubs, it must out-rival an enormously increased amount of counter-attraction.

Ideally, cricket would be confined to week-ends, but here one runs head-on to the vexed question of Sunday sport. This is not the place for theological controversy, but if ever the various parties were reconciled and week-end cricket established the benefits to the game would be enormous. Practically all players would be available for first-class cricket and would be always at concert pitch. Additionally, from the spectator's point of view, anyone who

wanted to follow his side would have a good chance of seeing the start and the finish of the match. A certain amount of mid-week cricket would be sustained by touring teams, Test Matches and other special occasions.

All these reflections are directed at the "end product," so to speak, and some may argue that in trying to revitalize cricket this is rather putting the cart before the horse, and that early opportunity and training is the place to look. I am inclined to disagree on two grounds—first, that it is largely the performance in leading strata that sets the standards of keenness and efficiency of the game as a whole; second, that,

led by the M.C.C. and the counties many bodies are devoted to training youth on sound lines. All that is required is expansion and development of their efforts, and this is largely a question of finance. The great point is that when the players have arrived there should be ample scope for their talents at the top and that they are not, as so often at present, lost to the game.

My only technical observations on teaching and training would be to teach them on fast true surfaces to hit the ball first and learn to defend later. (All the great I have seen were fiercely attacking players in their youth.) To bowlers I would say learn to spin first and learn control once you have mastered the mechanics of your craft. To all—learn to field and throw. If you are so blessed that you can eventually throw like Norman O'Neill you will not only enjoy every moment in the field but will give limitless pleasure to everyone present—except perhaps the scurrying batsmen.

It is nonsense to say that cricket is a dying game, as one so often hears. It is far too good a game ever to die as long as Britons draw breath. Probably more people play and follow cricket in this country than ever before—but it is no longer the sole summer entertainment. On beaches, mountains, roads, cruising liners and lidos you will find cricket-lovers who a generation ago, lacking the means and facilities now available, might have gone to a cricket match. They are not necessarily less interested than their parents but they have cars to take them into the country and television on which they can see the chief events of the day's play. And there are far more people playing in the world than thirty years ago.

All this is not to say that first-class and international cricket has not struck a dull era and that unless it can offer a good deal more attraction it might well shrivel to a very minor position in the scale of international sport. This would be a lamentable state of affairs. When one hundred runs in a day is the average tally there is still an air of combat, especially where England and Australia are concerned, but this is not sufficient to attract the average spectator day after day. When this spirit of combat is allied to eventful play international cricket is the best of the game and to many the best of all games.



"I was down to single figures, then came marriage, a house, a garden."

Man in Apron

by *Larry*



Pillory

A.P.H. summarizes readers' objections

SPINE TITLES

MR. MICHAEL FERGUSON, of Earl's Court, writes:

"If a book is too thin to accommodate its title horizontally, obviously it must be printed vertically along the spine. Some publishers prefer the view from the right, some from the left. Others are undecided.

"The result is that we have to suffer neck-ache, eye-strain and diminished equilibrium while browsing along bookshop or library shelves. Surely here is a clear case for standardization."

Two or three others have thrown similar stones, so perhaps when the publishers mass again they will give a thought to it. On most of the thin books on our own shelves, we observe, the titles run from top to bottom; that is, they are read more easily from the left. That seems the better practice, for normally one seems to wander to the right in a library, especially in, say, a ship's library arranged alphabetically. But all our Royal Commission Reports run the other way, from bottom to top. *Whitaker's Almanack* is top to bottom. Here are two Penguins side by side, one "top," one "bottom"—same publisher, different printers. There may be some sharp dissension at the meeting, Mr. Ferguson. Her Majesty's Stationers, for example, may be difficult to move.

And there is more "standardizing" than that to be done. Personally, we can never get out of a strange car. Those handles on the doors always look the same, but whichever way we push them the first time we are wrong. Apart from maddening us, about which nobody seems to care, this cannot be very good for the handles. If it is impossible to have a general rule, could there not be a dear little arrow somewhere?

WOMEN IN PUBLIC

"Queue-jumpers all. They push in front in shops, especially fruit and vegetable shops, middle-aged or elderly ones mostly, quite unashamedly. They also talk in cinemas and theatres, not only in the interval but during the play. They interrupt Macbeth, they cackle at M. Hulot, they share their moronic comments with their escorts, families, the whole audience. They rustle sweet papers, click handbags, they even get up and march out of the Colston Hall loudly during the last magic minute of Beethoven's final piano sonata. A gaggle of them in embryo (schoolgirls) once sat behind me at Stratford and giggled at *Romeo and Juliet*.

"How should one act? Turn round and quell them with a look? Shout Beecham-like: SHUT UP? Get up and walk to another part of the house, and who knows what worse interruptions? Complain to the management? Ask for a notice to be displayed? No, alas! being British you will go on suffering in semi-silence, or stay at home. This is the only good argument I can think of in favour of television." — H. WALLIS, BATH

MORON

While thanking him for his brave complaints we should like to throw a gentle stone at Mr. Wallis. Must we hear so much of "moron" and "moronic"? Mr. Wallis, no doubt, knows that *μῶρος* is the Greek word for stupid; but it has become a habitual term of abuse with millions who have not the slightest notion where it comes from. If they merely mean "stupid" or "foolish" they might as well stick to those words, for the only excuse for "moron" is that it means something more. It is not to be found in the main



body of the *Oxford English Dictionary*: but it is in the Supplement ("moronic" is not). We have, it seems, to thank the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-Minded who invented the term in 1910 and gave it the following meaning:

"One of the highest class of feeble-minded; an adult person having an intelligence comparable to that of a normal average child between eight and twelve years of age."

"It is often used as synonymous with 'brute' or 'degenerate.'"

Thus, when wife says to husband, "Lost the tickets, you moron?" she is over-stating her case. So is the modern saying "There's no moron like an old moron."

But we must not be too sure. The *O.E.D.* quotes a charming couplet from the *Eugenics Review*, 1929:

"See the happy moron. He doesn't give a damn

I wish I were a moron. My God! perhaps I am!"

We foresee (sadly) the day when we shall read about "the moronization of the masses" (by television or something).

What'll you bet?

Toby Competitions

No. 68.—Da Capo

PROVIDE up to sixteen lines of a song especially suitable for singing in a car on a Bank Holiday.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, May 22, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 68, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 65

(A Grown-ups' Garden of Verses)

Seedsmen's lyrical catalogues were in strong supply and the strain was good. Prizegiving went hard; there was little in it between the top ten or twelve. Some adroit verses, including a cluster of parodies, had to be ruled out as not containing enough of the salesman element; the authors were too fond of the flowers to be mercenary. The prize, after several reasonably agonizing re-appraisals, went to:

MRS. E. B. RANSOME

EMLIN HALL, TORVER

CONISTON, LANCs.

for the following:

Bentley's Gallery



Mr. Mikoyan

Mikhail Mikoyan
Appears to be the doyen
Of that obsequious clique of Reds
Who've kept not only office but their heads.

Sing praises of daisies, a crimson variety,
Of spikes of delphiniums saluting the sky,
And pure and demure, with their sweet air of piety,
The early young snowdrops all trembling and shy.

Cull posies of roses and marigolds yellow,
Dark pansies, and primulas matching the dawn,
Where the game orange-flame red-hot poker, bold fellow,
Illumines the shadow beyond the green lawn.

Do you clamour for glamour in gay garden border?
Our "Rainbow Selection" comprises this list,
Complete in a neat box awaiting your order,
At three pounds—a bargain!—and not to be missed.

Book tokens for the others:

Pay Charon no more fees to gain heaven's shores;
Our sixpenny Elysium can be yours:
Each packet guaranteed to charm each sense.
See oriole wreaths breathe perfume by your fence;
The blooms that for our store each flower has bred
Will make a temple of the garden shed;
Cheaply campanulas shake long leaf locks;
An inexpensive bargain conjures phlox;
A hellebore or more stands sturdily,
And vernal Paris gilds the fleur-de-lys.

N. I. Orme, 1 Glaisdale Road, Fishponds, Bristol

Who'll buy begonias, beauteous as Babylon,
Lovely lobelias to line lucent lawns,
Heavenly hollyhocks, herbaceous hierarchs,
Jewelled geraniums for eye-dazzling dawns?

If you would live like a prince or a potentate,
Prink up your parlour with plumed potted palms!
Soul-stirring salvias for bedding plant devotees!
Mild mignonette with its Tudor Maid charms!

Rhyme rues her failure to list the varieties
Scott sends by post C.O.D. to your door,
Send for complete alphabetical catalogue,
If you would garner a world-witching store.

Mrs. Sylvia J. Beare, 12 Tyndall Avenue, St. Michael's Hill,
Bristol, 2

Lychnis Chalcidonica—
That's its Latin moniker;
English—"Maltese Cross," for borders,
Georgeous clusters. Send your orders
And enjoy a bed divine.
Half a dozen, eight-and-nine.

"Autumn Gold" we firmly state is
Quite the loveliest clematis;
Every bloom is sure to please.
Three-and-six for each of these.

For a bed to please all senses
Plant *Delphinium Chinensis*,
Heavenly blue, two bob for three.
Pound and over sent post free.

Geoffrey Peachey, 37 Woodland Avenue, Hove, 4, Sussex

Herald of Spring, whose golden flowers
Sleep through the night's enchanted hours,
Whose pollen gives delighted bees
Foundations for new nurseries

Whose leaf serrated turns a salad
Into a mediaeval ballad,
Whose shapely seed-heads' elfin locks
Beguile your child with fairy clocks.

Your friend for life evokes this pæan,
Our special strain of Dent de Lion.

R. R. Zanker, 37 Overleigh Road, Chester

YOUR GARDEN AND YOU

4 1/2^D

INCORPORATING "GREEN HELL," "BACK-ACHE WEEKLY," ETC., ETC.

☆
**FREE INSIDE
40-FT. PULL-OUT
HOSEPIPE
SUPPLEMENT**

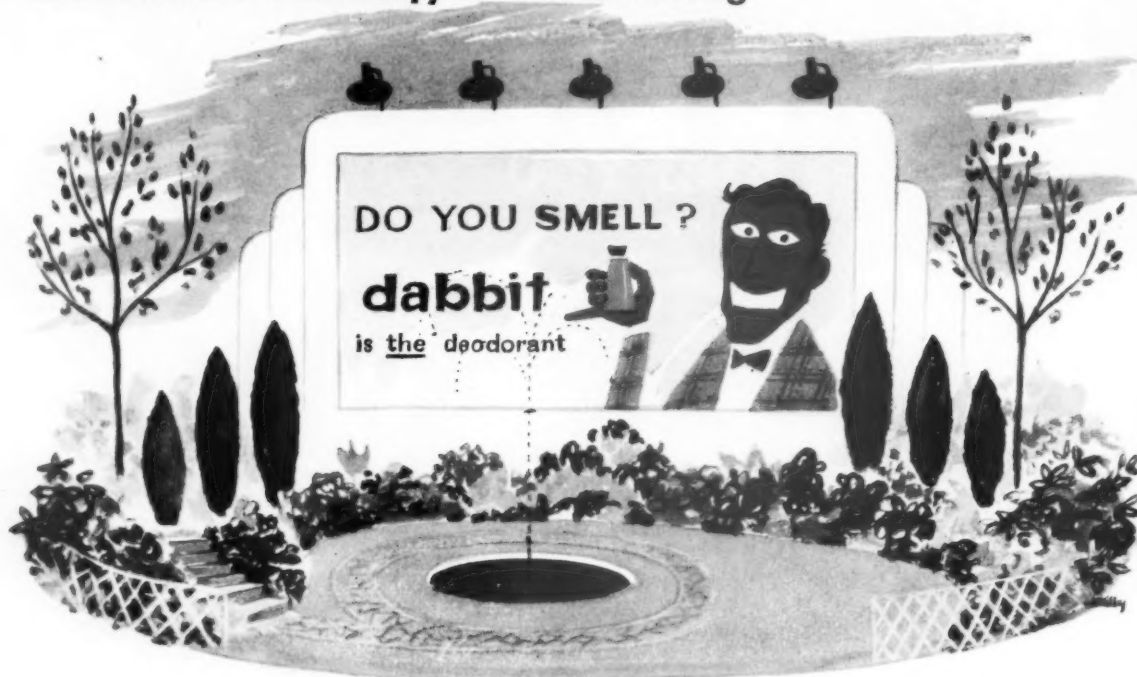


**GARDENING UNDER GLASS,
DIFFICULTIES, DELUSIONS, Etc. Page 572**



HEWITSON

Let Bowcher's Beautify YOUR hoarding



SITES FOR SORE EYES . . .

Mayors, County Councillors, Executives, Agencies, etc.

Be warned. The drive against hoardings is on. Caring nothing for your loss of valuable money, the intellectuals would tear them down without a qualm. Fight the egg-head with his own weapon: BEAUTY!



Bowcher's Gardens come in forty-six varieties, from the sumptuous "Great West Road" (above) to the modest but tasteful "Station Approach" (right). Designed in all shapes, sizes, densities, they can be installed overnight, and re-landscaped weekly if desired.



Send for complete list to BOWCHER's of Wembley, and Invest in Beauty with BOWCHER's

BOWCHER'S GARDENS BEAUTIFY!

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." (W. Shakespeare)

"Bowcher's Gardens are a joy." (J. Betjeman)

YOUR GARDEN AND YOU

MAY 13, 1959

VOL. LXI No. 6279

FROM THE EDITOR'S WINDOW

Summer! A busy time for us all. From my old basket chair I can see as I write upwards of a dozen allotment-holders, delving amid a riot of *rhinitis*, *epiphora*, *sclerosis*, *torticollis*, *urticaria*, the proliferous *lumbago* and, of course, at this season, any amount of dogwood (*cornus sanguinea*) being thrown. Far away on the vegetable plot of my good friends Mr. and Mrs. X I see, among the newly-earthed-up potatoes, two fellow-gardeners from an adjoining plot practising methods of carrying injured persons.

Suckers

All is activity. Beans and peas to sow, early carrots to thin, celery seedlings to be hardened off, asparagus to be cut, cherries and plums to spray, gooseberry suckers to be removed . . . I could almost wish I were out there in the thick of it all. It's six years now since I put the fork through my foot and lay a day and a night in the celery trench, but sometimes even now I feel the urge to join you—though faintly—instead of sitting here cheering you on.

Tongue-Twisters

A friend set me a poser last week. "Tell me," he said, "should I show a

short sum of spinner rummage?" We had a good laugh together when it turned out that he was asking advice on sowing a short row of summer spinach. If readers care to send me similar examples of flower or vegetable tongue-twisters I will award a prize of forty gallons of creosote to the lucky winner.

Garage Collapsed

I wonder how many of you have tried the new universal weedkiller Doomazin 59? I advise moderation with this highly efficient preparation. Mr. A. Beeston, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, tells me that he was a little too liberal with it when clearing convolvulus, and it ate away the foundations of his garage which collapsed within an hour of the application.

Table Vegetables

The makers point out that the packet clearly states a proportion of 1 salt-spoon to 26 galls. water, and even then it should be kept clear of table vegetables. A neighbour of Mr. Beeston's, to whom he lent a small trial sample, reported a week later that his two boys, Derek (9) and Alistair (15) were growing cauliflower ears. *Verb. sap!*

Energetic Gourds

Mrs. Erskine Towler, Essex, sends this useful tip on the prevention of spreading by marrows. "Build a stout brick wall between the compost heap (or wherever the energetic gourds are sited) and the remainder of the garden or plot. Access to the site, if desired, can be through a door in the wall, which should be stout, and capable of barring firmly to the uprights.

Dismembered

"Marrows succeeding in climbing the wall will be in small numbers only, and can either be laid in wait for and beaten back, or plucked over and dismembered at leisure. The latter method is often more successful owing to the element of surprise." Thank you, Mrs. Towler.

NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

Adam and Eve Made a Go of It, by Dr. DAVID DACE.
Clay Soil and Suicide Statistics, by a PSYCHIATRIST.
Maggots, Millipedes and Mildew, by H. G. SNAKEPLANT.
Shop for Your Compost, by "CRASSULA."
Shoot these Lovely Songbirds, by WILFRID FLEABEETLE.
The Sinking of the Beloperone, short story, by G. DIN.
Also Delightful FREE CRAZY PAVING PATTERN and all our usual claptrap.

GREEN THOUGHT

MY-Neighbour-over-the Fence is always a-chasing after something new. Let him read in his paper that they've managed at last to cross the daffodil with the hollyhock, and next morning he'll be writing off for daffyhock seed, and a pretty penny it'll be costing him, I dare say. And then his daffyhocks will turn out to be something not worth a-growing, and just a clutter of yellow pimples on a raggetty stalk.

Young folk, newly-weds and such as like as not, is always coming along to my little shed for a spot of advice about their gardenings. I've not much to say to them, not being much of a one for words. But maybe I'll knock out my dottle in my palm and tell 'em "Let un bide. Let un settle. Don't you go a-fidgeting round with nature. Once you've found what suits a bed, mebbe, a tidy edging of lobelia and a nice square of geranium to give un body, you stick to it. Dig un over good an' deep in due season, as the Prayer Book has it, an give un the plants un's used to. An' that's only natural. There's been bluebells comin' up in Damsel's Copse since my granfer was a lad, ay, and long before. And never a season did Nature start fidgeting round and wondering whether t' old copse wouldn't look better if she smodgered the place with chinchinchees this year for a change.

"And," I says to them, "don't you be in too much of a hurry about it. Soil can wait. Dig un over good an deep and let un bide, with maybe a bit of hoeing when the weather's right, and maybe you'm find you'm not planting anything at all this year, in case you do make up your minds next year. Though you may not then, neither."

—"THE MAN IN THE SHED"

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RE-THINK YOUR LAWN POLICY

DIAGNOSIS of diseases in lawns passes through cycles, as in medicine. Just as it was once all the go to remove the appendix at the drop of an arch until this ploy became old boots and yielded to dead teeth, duodenals and discs, so the greensward surgeons veer from vogue to vogue.

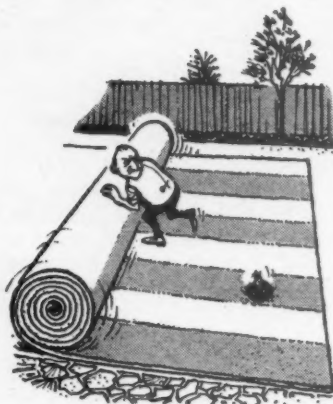
Rolling, once the hallmark of *haute herbe couture*, is now out. Those happy hours spent in making lovely alternate light and dark parallels as seen on catalogue covers are now shown to have been frittered. Over-compaction, that's what you were achieving without knowing the meaning of the word. So far from pressing it down tight, strangling and choking the defenceless turf, the thing now is to stab it open with hollow prongs, leaving a pattern like a solitaire board. Aeration is the aim to be pursued with forks and hope.

Worms, too. We used to list them high among our dumb friends, these gentle burrowers going unobtrusively about their self-appointed mission of aerating the soil, avoiding the raucous din of crickets and making a silent noise audible only to birds, who are said to know where to prod for them by listening to their movements; throwing up their dainty casts which, scattered vigorously with a besom, stimulated the growth of grass. Chief nourishers at the lawn's life feast, I reckoned them, till this angry talk of discoloration sprang up and seedsmen vied with

hymnologists in ranting away at them as miserable sinners. Now they gloat over their sickening vermicides, bragging of a lawn covered with corpses.

Or take moss. Raking, they told you, was the cure for that; the more relentless the better, even if you did drag up tuftfuls of grass here and there. To-day this rake's progress has reached its Hogarthian climax; all the time you've been spreading the stuff, scattering the spores wider and wider, making two glades of moss grow where one grew before. It should be burnt out with sacks of a lethal sand; admittedly there will be dirty great black patches, but further sacks of a benign sand will repair that.

Repeat the application. These three golden words should be to the smart



man-about-lawn what Calais was to Queen Mary. Idle flâneurs who suppose that just one sackful of the stuff will do the trick imagine a vain thing. Eternal vigilance is the price of security of sward or state, and nowhere more so than in the elimination of yarrow. Yarrow is that dark feathery weed, and triflers who loosely bandy the word "ramifications" about when discussing spy plots and such trivia can never have troubled to trace the interwoven roots of yarrow extending almost certainly from fringed pool to fern grot, a loathsome thing God wot. There are killers for it (did you guess?—repeated applications may be necessary), and half the fun of applying them is measuring the square yards of grass on which the right amount of poison has to be poured. The bits of curved triangles and bulging rhombs left over at each end—what are they but a jewel of right celestial worth to a man with arithmetic and selective weedkiller at his fingertips? Yarrow may need to be revisited more often than Wordsworth thought.

Once rid of weeds you will aim to sit back and enjoy the scene. You may think of *déjeuner sur l'herbe*. This is an overpainted pastime. What the artist never caught was every woman's flair for standing scorching pots and kettles on tender young blades and every febrile cigarette-smoker's non-stop flicking motion with the forefinger to sprinkle red-hot ash on the bits left growing.

I have left the actual mowing till last. It demands little more than striking a correct balance between the two incontrovertible truths, that regular cutting every few days is essential regardless of the height of grass, and that incessant cutting is a severe strain on the herbage. You'll soon pick it up.

—TUFTON GRANGER

GOBSTOW'S The Ornamental Vegetable Specialists

CABBAGES

Gobstow's Undeniable: Firm, penetratingly fragrant, pale mauve, hardy, a really cabbagey cabbage which is rapidly becoming a favourite among cabbage-fanciers.

Gobstow's Unpredictable: Surprise yourself! A single packet of seed has produced *fourteen* different versions of this magnificent variegated *choux*, all large, glossy and edible in an emergency.

Gobstow's Unimaginable: A real superior cabbage, vase-shaped, mottled lavender-and-orange, only half-hardy but much admired by royalty.

Gobstow's Unavoidable: A genuine miniature cabbage, yellow, juicy, delicately fragrant, a nice weight in the hand, increasingly popular with gardeners in politically active areas.

CLIMBING CABBAGES

Gobstow's Unstoppable: Cabbage that unsightly brickwork over! In two seasons this hardy, deep carmine climber will cabbage a four-storey mansion from damp-course to eaves. Hack away weekly from doors and windows. Peculiarly fragrant of an evening.

ONIONS

Bulbus Gobstovii: Leaf, delicate silver-and-green stripelets. Bulb, large, pale gold and slightly luminous in the dark. Pretty in the garden, but especially elegant when plaited by the leaves and hung about the house. Sharply scented and delicious in casseroles.

Bulbus Gobstovii var Venenifer: Indistinguishable from the above, but poisonous.

GO GAY WITH GOBSTOW'S

LOOKING AHEAD

IT looks like being another bumper fruit season, and the old problem of **Apple Disposal** is going to be as troublesome as ever. Luckily, birds and wasps will dispose of the insides of any worth eating, and the husks blow away in the summer gales. It is the hard, green apples that are the trouble. Why not dispose of them this time as follows:

Invite a number of friends along for an evening's digging (own spades if possible). Measure with your garden line an area 4 ft. by 4 ft. and get the party going briskly. In two hours or so you will have a neat pit between 6 ft. and 8 ft. deep, into which the apples can be rolled as they are picked or fall. When all are in, say by mid-January, cover with earth, tamp down evenly and forget.

—ARNOLD NIRD

LAST WEEK'S DIARY

Monday. At last got round to the strawberry bed. Weeded, dug in two barrows sulphate of pot., one of bone-meal. Pricked soil over, dusted with sulphur, also gamma B.H.C. Bed 8 p.m. Slept badly. Unable remember whether this was actually strawberry bed or not, as none cropped last year. Must wait and see. May be lettuce.

Tuesday. Queued 2 hrs. at seedsmen's near office for leaf-mould for tomatoes. Missed train, caught wrong one, left leaf-mould on rack. A day lost.

Wednesday. Up at six, thinned carrots, burnt thinnings, dusted w. naphthalene, hoed and forked the herbaceous, sprayed with nicotine, edged edges, cleared slugs, snails and c-pillars as found, thinned phacelia, godetia, clarkia, eschscholtzia, pegged down petunias, planted out verbena, begonia, zinnia. Felt v. dizzy at breakfast. Decided day in bed, but good work done. Dreamt someone had done topiary in hedge, reading "Weed and hoe continually."

Thursday. Built rock garden after tea, but rush job, owing early nightfall, and heard all rumble down into driveway about 10 p.m. Discouraging. No time to re-do this week, as lawn more than foot high at places.

Friday. Prepared for feeding and mulching roses, placing sack lovely pig droppings + second sack of soot in water butt, but string rotted and all lost. Much disheartened. However, week-end near, and may try again. Nipped out tomato sideshoots, watered with superphosphate, sprayed Bordeaux mixture. Staked hollyhocks. Heard of new rose named Rasputin, but think must be some mistake. Bed 9 p.m., but up at 3, as could not remember whether stoked greenhouse boiler.

Saturday. Meant to mow all grass, but spent 3 hours removing clock-golf numerals from cutter blades and had to send machine for repair in the end. Then something loose inside roller, very irritating; probed 1 hr. and shone torch through crack without success. Sent for repair. Wheel off barrow when moving 1 cwt. peat front to back. Seem to have achieved little this week, and growing weather throughout. But to-morrow Sunday, and in garden all day. Mean to trim hedges, rebuild rockery, thin candytuft, calendula, larkspur, love-in-a-mist, shirley poppy; also patch drive, paint gate, plant out geraniums, harden-off half-hardies, spray apples, weed and hoe continually.

Sunday. Poured all day.

—RALPH TICKETT

GARDEN ROUND THE CLOCK with GOSMODE'S GASLIGHT GARDENER

How often have your labours of love among the glories of the garden been cut short by nightfall? Get a GOSMODE'S GASLIGHT GARDENER TONIGHT and work through to dawn.

Our Cylinder Supply and Refill Service is on call 24 hours a day, operating noiseless, neighbour-pleasing delivery vans.

Simple in design, effective in action, based in essence on the famous Fido flarepath, the GARDENER



is affixed comfortably to your back. Built-in alarm rings if you sleep.

**ONLY 108s. complete
from**

GOSMODE'S, FROME, SOM.

DON'T BE DEFEATED BY DUSK!

STARLIT GARDENS

Gemini (May 22—June 21).—You will be under considerable pressure to mow the lawn. You will receive good news from your gardener.

Cancer (June 22—July 23).—An eagerly-awaited visit from your gardener will not take place.

Leo (July 24—Aug. 23).—Someone very dear to you will promise to call in the evening and weed your herbaceous border.

Virgo (Aug. 24—Sept. 23).—You will have an altercation on the telephone with someone you do not often see. Keep your temper or your seedlings will never be potted out at all.

Libra (Sep. 24—Oct. 23).—You will have to undertake a rather repellent task in the rockery yourself instead of leaving it to someone else as you had hoped.

Scorpio (Oct. 24—Nov. 22).—Your bonfire will take a long time to start burning, but stick to it—the outside help you have been promised will not materialize.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23—Dec. 22).—You are likely to learn of bad news in the family of someone who occasionally works for you in the garden.

Capricorn (Dec. 23—Jan. 20).—A good day to undertake all those little jobs you have been tending to leave to others.

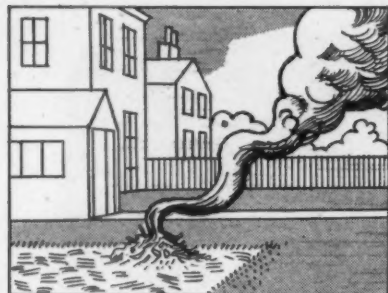
Aquarius (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—You will not know what to make of the advice tendered you by your astrologer.

Pisces (Feb. 20—March 20).—Someone close to you will tell you that those calceolarias will never do in that bed but will regret that he cannot move them for you until Michaelmas.

Aries (March 21—April 20).—The six geraniums in your window-boxes will be watered by someone you did not expect to visit you.

Taurus (April 21—May 21).—Considerable pressure will be brought on you to mow the lawn. Your gardener will win a huge prize in a competition connected with football and go to join someone dear to him thousands and thousands of miles away.

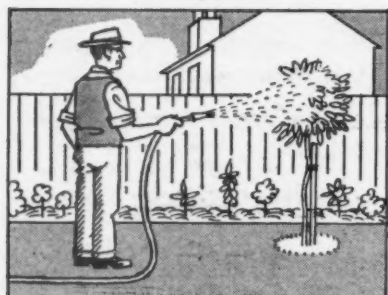
RIGHT WAYS & WRONG WAYS



Burning Rubbish. Study both siting of fire and wind direction. Ideally, smoke and flames are carried next door.



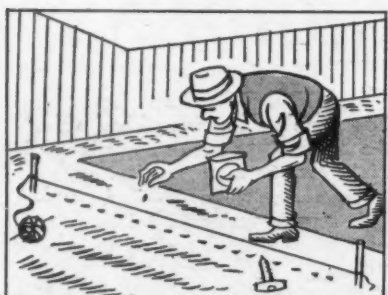
Fire built too near outbuildings. Also contains incombustible materials which will only be kicked about by the tradesmen.



Hose Techniques. Concentration is essential. Take careful aim and let fly. The stance is important, and should not be on the hosepipe.



Study the subject before beginning the job. To try to combine the two leaves much ground uncovered, and proves wasteful during droughts.



Use of Garden Line. Measure the shortest distance between the two points and place the line accordingly, thus ensuring that it is straight.



Here the gardener is using more line than he needs, owing to the presence of an unskilled assistant. Remove, take up slack.



Disengaging Boots from Wet Rose-beds. Allow a margin of time for this, over and above that required for the job done. Your trouble will be repaid.



Never abandon your boots. They will shortly be submerged, and you will be sorry next year when each thrust of the spade digs up a Wellington.

GOOD WORK FOR BAD WEATHER

GET ready for the rain, fog, snow *now*. You don't want to be just standing there at the window waiting for it to stop. Make a neat list of constructive under-cover jobs so that when the weather clamps down you needn't waste time. For example:

Pest Recognition

Invite obliging pestologist to bring his portable circus into potting-shed, releasing under control surprise specimens of tortrix moth, turnip flea, mealy bug, woolly aphis, celtworm, asparagus weevil, etc., *but never in the same order*; have on hand requisite sulphates, treacles, quassia chips, quicklime, and so on, so that at the moment of identification you can go into action. Repeat tests in the gloaming to sharpen your skill in spotting insects by movements and behaviour instead of relying wholly on general appearance and colour.

Pruning Aids

The old adage that fruit trees should be pruned so that a ball can be thrown through the tree in any direction is sound, but a gardener's autumn is too busy for ball games even if children have not stolen fruit-pruning ball for their own frivolous purposes. Erect under tarpaulin dummy Blenheim or Worcester Pearmain with irregular lengths of plastic piping for branches hinged to timber trunk, lead-weighted at base for balance, and throw ball hither and thither repeatedly until free passage can be forecast by eye alone, without throwing.

Bird Decoy

Construct plausible mock-up portable seed-bed on mat or tray, adding cotton, scarecrows, gaily-coloured packet labels on twigs, jangling tins, ready to place on weed-strangled, soil-fouled plot at seed-time, when real sowing can be carried out furtively on rich composted loam, unsuspected by shrewd, experienced, observant but habit-bound birds.

Thought

"Review the past season's results," as urged in the Royal Horticultural Society's pocket diary for December 27 last, "and try to account for any failures which have occurred with a view to obtaining better results in the coming year." This makes a capital piece of fireside mortification for a shrivelling cold day in Lent.

— A. MANVILLE CARKE

Your Questions Answered

Q. *I have a beanstalk in my garden which has already reached a height of forty-two feet, if my trigonometry is all I think it is, and is still growing rapidly. I wonder if this is worth keeping, as the roots are undermining the house and the beans are out of reach.*—WORRIED JACK, London, S.E.3.

A. I recommend you to cut it down at once. The beanstalk is much too high and you are not likely to find anything at the top which will make it worth climbing.

Q. *Will you please tell me if this is a good time to cut back my mother-in-law's tongue?*—A.G., Street.

A. Any time.

Q. *I have Lysimachia nummularia, Kalanchoe blossfeldiana and Helxine Soleirolia growing together in an old brass scuttle. Do you think I should add Platycodon biflorum, Phyllis scolopendrum or Nethrolepis to get the best effect?*—C. SPRY, London, W.1.

A. Yes.

Q. *We are three office-girls working in the City and we think Cliff Richard is absolutely the most. We have been fans of his for over a year and what we want to know is why he has never been made a Sir or anything in the Queen's Birthday Honours?*—PAM, SUE and DAPHNE, London, E.C.4.

A. I understand from Windsor Castle that the Queen is generally too busy to look at the telly at six o'clock on Saturday evenings, but haven't you got into the wrong column really? Are you perhaps thinking of Betty Upchurch?

Seven Delightful Dwarfs



No garden
is complete
without
these

Fascinating Figures.

Dotted about on
the terrace, in the
pond, behind the
hydrangeas or in a hundred
other pleasing sites, they add
the final touch of



fairyland to your little
masterpiece of
shrub, bulb and veg.



Can be rearranged
IN ANY ORDER.
Ideal for the tops of
concrete rambler-

posts. Will become members of
the family in no time.

£18 the Set of Seven,
or £3 if desired sep-
arately. Wide colour
range includes terra,
cotta, etc.



ANDERSON'S

Catford, S.E.6
(The Dwarf People)

WHEN THE TATLER CALLS



Mr. Graham Skimper (who is, of course, a kinsman of Lord Rabbit) received a photographer from our contemporary *The Tatler* recently, who found that Mr. Skimper's garden was not precisely what the garden of a Lord's kinsman should be...



... But the photographer was undismayed. Both Mr. Skimper and his friends were delighted when they saw the finished article in print, captioned: "Mr. Graham Skimper (who is, of course, a kinsman of Lord Rabbit) rests from his labours in his well-tended garden at 23 Abattoir Street, Brinkhampton, Gloss."

Pamper those seedlings with a
**FERGUSON'S
FUR-LINED SEED-BOX**

Not a luxury. Not a toy. Write first for our 4-colour illustrated brochure **SNUG AS A BUG**, and learn the best fur for your particular favourite. Range is from Mink to Mole, prices from £30 and upwards per ½-dozen boxes.

Seedlings Love Them. Comprehensive **FREE** pamphlet on combating fur pests enclosed with every order.

FERGUSON'S
(THE FUR-LINED SEED-BOX PEOPLE)

Steep Hill, Lincoln

DO YOU KNOW?

- Mrs. William Shakespeare is another name for:
 - A Canterbury hoe
 - A Canterbury bell
 - A Canterbury tale
- You would use copper fungicide to spray:
 - Cercis siliquastrum*
 - Gerbera Jamesonii*
 - Neighbour's dogs
 - Flaming trousers
- Stachys lanata* is the botanical name for:
 - Lamb's Tongue
 - Donkey's Ears
 - Horse's Neck
 - Old Man's Beard
 - Young Man's Fancy.
- Your onions are "necky." Because of
 - Moles blowing them up from below ground
 - Bonfire fumes
 - A virus infection
 - Being a necky-type onion.
- Name the intruder in a rockery:
 - Iris unguicularis*
 - Alyssum saxatile*
 - Felis domestica*.
- A friend gives you some Hybrid Teas. You would:
 - Pot them on
 - Cut them back
 - Earth them up
 - Heel them in
 - Wish them further.

(Answers next week)

GARDENING FOR PLEASURE

Advice on how to take out the drudgery

A bright new vista of gardening joy lies ahead for the amateur who is prepared to take just a little extra trouble! This pleasing prospect, although yours for the asking, may involve some alteration in your regular routine: but what really keen gardener is afraid of new techniques? If you follow the instructions given below, any one of the suggestions listed is bound to pay handsome dividends in the long run.

Getting the Best Out of Grass.

In late April sink ice-cream cartons in previously prepared holes spaced at intervals of six yards around the lawn. (The intervals can be varied according to the extent of lawn available.) Any sharp instrument will serve to make the holes, and ice-cream cartons can be obtained from most sweet-shops. (The ice-cream should be carefully removed.) When the weather is warm enough (experience shows that conditions are most favourable in mid-June) see what you can do with a used golf ball and an old putter. (Some people prefer a number two iron.)

What To Do with Roses. Look at them. You will find that they are beautiful. Also, some of them are marvellously fragrant if you will only put away your pipe for an hour and stop drenching them with insecticide.

A New Way with Apple Trees.

Grafting, spraying, delayed open-centre pruning, cross-pollinating or shoot circling are all helpful enough, but far too many amateurs overlook the most important treatment of all, namely deck-chair sprawling. For fuller details see under "Apple tree, in the shade of the old" in my *Advanced Gardener's Handbook*. Almost any variety is suitable, but beginners might make a start with Laxton's Superb, The Rev. W. Wilks, or Heusgen's Golden Reinette. A recent whodunit and a plate of cucumber sandwiches are useful tools here.

Those Shady Corners. Take a youngish dog, and starting from the ornamental pool, throw a small, brightly coloured ball for it to fetch. Choose a different direction for each throw. Three times out of five the dog will return in hysterics, having failed to locate the ball. Now take a walking-stick, and search for it yourself. You

will find parts of the garden you didn't even know you had: wondrous, dank, fungus-haunted corners where toads and woodlice sleep among old laurel leaves and bits of coloured glass dropped by frightened magpies: cool grottoes out of reach of hoe or scythe, where nettles lurk in platoons as high as your throat, and there is more than a suspicion of snakes. (Late February is a good time for this, although really seasoned explorers prefer mid-November, when unsuspected marshes add a spice of danger, and with any luck you lose the dog as well.)

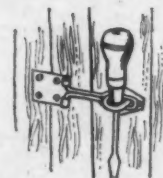
Fresh Scents In Your Garden.

About the third week in July plant out about two dozen people on the lawn and serve cocktails. Many interesting new scents can be introduced in this way, including warm homespun, decaying suntan pancake, crocodile handbags, crushed anchovy, straight vermouth, watered Scotch, after-shave lotion, Egyptian cigarettes, shoe-cream, mothballs and salted crisps. (Use a wire rake the next day to remove cocktail sticks, olive stones and small change. Canapes may be trodden into the border.)

Fun with a Flame Gun. Choose a still evening in early autumn, preferably at a time when your wife is out visiting. Get the flame gun going full blast, and with a yell of triumph turn it on those damn great clumps of marguerites that you've secretly loathed for years. If enough fuel remains, how about the greenhouse?

—FRED K. SPOOLE

PICTURETIP (No. 899)



Picture tip this week shows a simple fastening for your shed door. Just place the hasp over the staple and secure with an ordinary screwdriver. An added advantage of the system is that you always know where to find the screwdriver.

CAN YOU NAME IT?

(No. 41,089)



With this week's Recognition Test we end the Rose series, which has proved most popular and has produced a remarkable number of ludicrous mis-identifications. Before sending in your this week's solution look carefully at the drawing and you will spot a clue. No. 41,090, next week, will commence our series of well-loved weeds.

Last week's rose was the delightful "Mrs. Gertie Booster."

8 "GROBIG" MUSTS

for YOUR Red Currants

1. GROBIG bushes 35s. doz., guaranteed insertible in earth well-broken by
2. GROBIG fine, tempered-steel Tylthtool (18s. 9d., handle 4s. extra).
3. GROBIG Universal Pest-Dispenser in easy-to-use dispenser, 12s. per ½-lb., gaily-wrapped, with illus. of dead pests.
4. GROBIG bird-scarer, clockwork, emits buzzard-cry at intervals as set. 75s.
5. GROBIG netting-cage, 18 in. by 3 in. by 21 in. (tall), the full defence against trampling by animals. Only 6 gns.
6. GROBIG extension-handled gathering trug with built-in plucker-unit. Up to 40 in, 2s. per foot.
7. GROBIG "Stayne-Remuver," leaves picker's hands like new. 4s., 9s., 23s. 6d.
8. GROBIG architect-designed Currant Barrow. Foam-lined, no burst fruit. £16 10s.

RE-HANDLING
YOUR RAKE

WHEN your rake breaks off short about a foot from the toothed end it is a sure sign that it needs re-handling. Other danger signals are:

Dry rot. This can be detected by a strong musty odour as you (or, of course, any other member of your family) approach the rake, and by a tendency for the handle to crumble away into a fine brownish dust when grasped in the hands.

Rake comes away from handle, and vice versa.

Handle missing altogether. This may be due to the fact that it was needed for some other purpose (see "Re-handling your Hoe" in our March issue) or to simple bad luck of the kind all good gardeners learn to take in their stride.

Whatever the cause of the trouble, re-handling is a job that should be well

POET'S CORNER

*The important thing about liming
Is the timing.*

CLAUDE HARDY-WALL-SHRUB

within the compass of the ordinary handyman, provided the principles of rake-construction are thoroughly understood before the work is put in hand. Properly re-handled a good rake should last for years, so it is well worth spending a little time and thought over the repair. Apart from the all-important question of serviceability, nothing looks more unsightly in a tool-shed than a shoddily put-together rake.

A standard (ten- or twelve-inch) garden rake, then, consists of:

a crossbar, with teeth;
a socket, which may be either riveted on, or cast in one piece with, the crossbar;

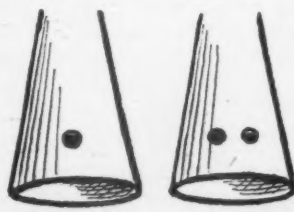


Fig. 1

Fig. 2



Fig. 3

KEEP THAT BARROW CLEAR
with
ROBERTS'S ROBIN
REPELLENT

Before Treatment

One Monster Size
Bottle at only 27s.
will last the whole
summer through.

Mr. K., Ashford,
writes: "I was a
martyr to robins on
my barrow-handles.
Thanks to Roberts's
they never worry me now."



After Treatment

Simply Smear On

From all good Seedsmen, Chemists

a handle, obtainable for a few pence at any good ironmonger's or sundries-man.

If you look carefully at the socket you will see that it is pierced with one or more holes (Figs. 1 and 2). Note the position of these holes, but *do not knock anything through them at this stage*. Now take up the handle, run your hand up and down the shaft once or twice to make sure it is free of splinters, and then examine the ends by holding first one and then the other at a convenient distance from your eyes. One end will generally be found to be tapered, or chamfered, to fit the socket. If it is not, try the other. If *neither* end is chamfered (Fig. 3) you must chamfer it yourself, using a chamfer or similar instrument.

Thrust or plunge the tapered end of the handle into the socket, first taking care to see that any obstructions, such as the old handle, have been as far as possible removed. Then take as many nails as there are holes in the socket and drive them home, *through* the holes and *into* the wood, at the rate of one nail per hole. The rake is now re-handled, but to make a thorough job of it many gardeners coat both socket and handle with liquid beeswax and hang the rake up in the tool-shed for a year or two to set.

Should the wood split while nailing, you would have done better to use screws.

—GERALD WINCH

IS THIS A RECORD?

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Shoumley, 28 Gas Street, Everton, Lancs. think that they must be the only gardeners in this country with a hammock actually slung from rhubarb. Any challengers?



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

SEEDS, SHEDS, CELERY TRENCHES, ETC.

Bricknell's Famous Catalogue of Seed Catalogues—catalogues 1000's of catalogues. Perfect for sickroom reading, wedding greenhouse doors, wrapping fruit. 10s. only or 12 for 26s. Worth it for paper alone. Bricknell's (Dept. 4784), Woking.

Walk Upright after weeding, terracing, etc., with Cobbold's Old English Crutches, 1 gn. pair, family set of 4 prs. sent post free. Arnold H. Cobbold, Ward 6, The Infirmary, Plaistow.

Potatoes that are New. Just read the names! Eureka, Piltown, Mrs. Pat, Arbitrage, Rev. Ferguson, Coppernob, Dr. Faustus, Romulus, Black Eyes, White Queen, Gobstopper and 100's even funnier. The Potato Mart, 12b St. James's St. W.

Mazes dropped by helicopter. Surprise the wife when she returns from shopping. Complete with false map and guide for in-laws, seedsmen's debt-collectors, etc. From £200.0.9d. Watling & Striker, Hampton Court.

No More Spinal Curvatures. Withenshaws Lawns are sown from underneath. S.A.E. for details of simple tunnelling equipment, includes 200 props, bucket-chain removal system, simple mesh gate to keep the dog out. Withenshaw, Withernsea, Yorks.

TOOLS

Hemingway's Hammers. Guaranteed all-purpose. Will make quick, neat job of nails, pea-sticks, prefabricated bldgs., toffee, thumbs, horse-shoes, unwanted clothes, etc. Look for the slogan, "A handle with every hammer." 38s. 9d., wrapped. Hemingways, Hull.

Hemingway's Pliers. Cut chicken-wire with ease, simply place wire in position and operate comfortable, hand-fitting handles. Will hang on any nail, remain rust-free in dry place. Hemingways, Hull.

Hemingway's Machine-Oil. The perfect oil for oiling things. Are you nearly out of your mind from that squeaking barrow-wheel, greenhouse window-catch or starting? One drop of Hemingway's Machine-Oil will remove the annoyance. Also removes rust, brings on young rhubarb, simulates tears for purposes of domestic sympathy-promotion. Large tin 3s. 9d. (250 drops), and pro rata. Hemingways, Hull.

GARDEN SUNDRIES

Violas! Violas! Violas! Always a large and varied stock. Also tom-toms, triangles and many other percussion accessories. The Music Shop, 22b Charing Cross Road, W.C.

As Much As You can take away for £10, fine-grade Rockery Limestone. McPiddis, Bridge Street, Wick, Caithness.

Garden Seats, Garden Suites! Why not furnish the whole garden? All in genuine English Oak from real trees—Chairs (easy, high, rocking), Tables (dining, coffee, roulette, billiards), intriguing hexagonal humpties, etc. All articles stabilized, will not sink into wet lawns. Free knot-holes. Why sit on grass, marrows, etc? From £18 (3-legged stool) to £48.17.6d (four-poster bed). Full list from Ragersah, Poul, Ltd., Huddersfield Road, Oldham.

Will you give a little something to The Manure Bank? Fred Streeter says: "It is wonderful to know that supplies are always available." Ends of unwanted loads, surplus sweepings, etc., gratefully welcomed. Send personally to me, Lady Whapping, The Dower House, Chamberley Regis. (Books open to inspection. Registered as a Manure Bank).

SITUATIONS VACANT

Gardener wanted. Experience not essential, but able lift light spade, wind string, etc. Every afternoon off and 2 mornings; five-bedroomed house, use of car, own TV, all found, early-morning tea; no weeding, spraying or coarse work; boots cleaned, free shaves, haircuts, medical attention, month paid hol. South of France (or choice) p.a., duplicate key drink cupboard, followers if wished. £2,000 p.a. (tax free). Write, stating when convenient to grant audience, Mr. J. Smith, The Garden House, Couladon, Surrey.

Strong Man wanted to wheel invalid, ex-gardening enthusiast, round garden, Sunday afternoons (if fine). Wd. pay 10s./an hour, or in kind (mostly apples). J. Fitch (Col.), The Gables, Burnley.

Permanent and Complete freedom from pest troubles of every kind! Impossible? No. Give up the fight and buy the lot: H. Wicket, Fruit and Vegetable Factor, Covent Garden, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Business-Men Impress their garden-minded clients with a Larrabee's Loaned Allotment. For rent by hour, day, week, etc., according length of negotiations. Show Mr. Big "your" miraculous marrows, captivating cucumbers, splendid sprouts, perfect petunias; he'll sigh as he gasps. 500 sites in all localities. Extra charge for actual cutting and giving away. S.A.E. for Tariff from Larrabee, Lambeth, London, S.E.

British Institute of Vegetable Sculpture. Learn to carve likenesses of family, friends, neighbours in specially petrified beets, swedes, mangolds. Simple easy, endless enjoyment and surprises. Send Now for trial set of tools and materials. 461, Hyde Park Sq., W. (spoilt work not returnable).

Universal Neighbours loan everything. No more begging over the garden fence. From hose-pipe nozzles to granaries. U.N. Ltd., Crowborough.

Motorize Your Syringe. Simple, can't-go-wrong attachment takes the sweat out of spraying. One pint petrol sprays 40 acres of floribunda. Only £27, complete, in free paper bag. Fooling & Crouch, the Automoculturalists, Wragby, Lincs.

Lovely Veronica. Come home. Dad in greenhouse with ricked back. Mum.

Everyone Knows that the Echescholtzia is a genus of Papaveraceae, but can you spell it on a wooden label? Are you sure about the second "r" in Antirrhinum? Write now for Greencob's Gardener's Spelling Dictionary. Comprehensive, includes Gaillardia, Convolvulus, Alstromeria and a host of delicious Stumblingblox. 3s 9d. Oxford University Press or any good seedman.

Compost-Heaps Can be Decorative with Butifl. Write now for free catalogue of 100 Butifl outfits, and convert your noisome, unsightly muck heap into a spectacle you will be proud for visitors to see. Easy-to-assemble models include Butifl Hanging Gardens, Butifl Parthenon, Butifl Taj Mahal and many more. In cheaper range, flags of all nations, North-west Frontier battle-scenes, etc. Strongly recommended, Native Village scene, embodying orange-rinds, ex-bird-table + coconuts. Kiddies revel. From 38s. 6d., Rubbishscape Ltd., Harrow, Middlesex.

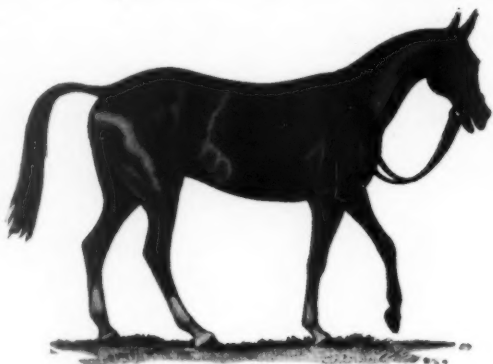
ARE YOU GROWING **WIMPLETON'S WUNDERSPROUT?**



Mr. A. H., Crawley, writes: "Jack and the beanstalk aren't in it. My wife and I planted WIMPLETON'S on the Thursday, and Sunday morning we had to call in the Army to drive the crop away."

FROM ANY STRONG SEEDSMAN

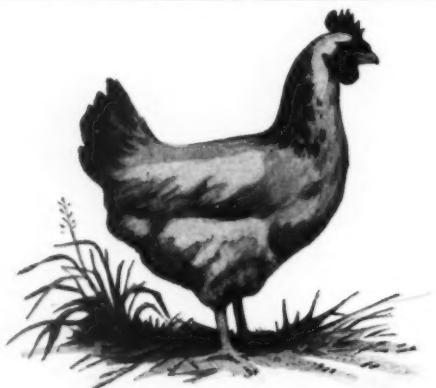
AMBLETON'S ANIMURES—THE NATURAL NUTRIENT



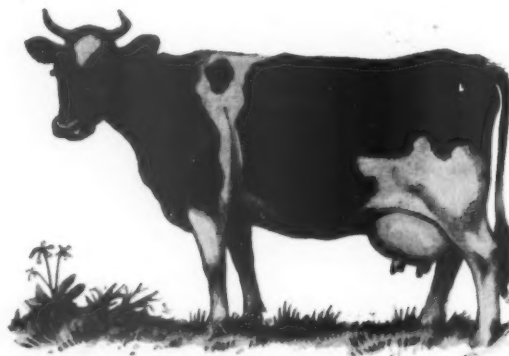
"BROWN BEAUTY" (Ideal for Floribunda)



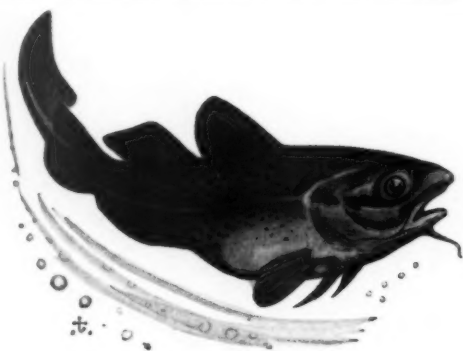
"MOTHER COURAGE" (For Giant Chrysants)



"MAISIE" (Dig in to your Lettuces)



"FREDA" (A fortune from Mushrooms)



"KING-FLIPPER" (A Prolific Cod, perfect for pelargoniums)



"TRUMPETER" (Producer of the all-purpose JUMBOLD)

AMBLETON'S TESTED ANIMURES

Bred in specially hygienic conditions AMBLETON's Contented Animals Give of Their Best.

Send for complete list.

Essence of Parliament



THERE is something to be said for the conservative plan of keeping things as we have been accustomed to them and something to be said for the radical plan of changing them in the name of progress. On the whole it is the Socialists who stand for the conservative plan and the Conservatives who stand for the radical plan. That is certainly true in the case of coal. The Conservatives think that if oil is cheaper than coal, then it is better to use oil. The Socialists do not think at all about coal. They know that they have some thirty-odd safe seats occupied by miners and they are not going to risk them. If no one knows what to do with the coal, then it must be stored—presumably in the mines out of which it has just been dug. Of course Mr. Robens, who, though a simple-minded man, has yet been in politics for some time, did not put it all quite so barely. He was astute enough to confuse the issue a little bit by hinting at tie-ups of the Fuel-and-Power boys with nefarious American oilmen, but that was substantially what it amounted to. Mr. Blyton, the other Socialist front bencher, being himself a miner, was a little more cynical, a little more shrewd and considerably more humorous, but even he was hardly more constructive. The Socialists on coal stand exactly where the die-hard Tories stood in the days before the first Reform Bill. They own their rotten boroughs and they intend to keep them.

It is fascinating if one does not have to look at it too long. Then it tends to become monotonous. So this week was a week when on the whole one got one's best fun out of the Lords. The Lords started off on Monday—a sufficiently memorable eccentricity in itself—with a debate on foreign affairs. It was not, to be sure, a very good debate, but it produced at least one gem from Lord

Salisbury when he complained that "Iraq, Syria and Egypt had ceased to be strictly part of the western world." There was a certain risk of it all packing up at an early hour, but Lord Lansdowne kept it going by speaking so slowly that noble lords came even to fear for their dinner and were grateful, as it was, to get away by cocktail time at eleven minutes past six.

The next day they—or some of them—came back to battle about street offences. Lord Howe told them how he had been attacked with an umbrella in Curzon Street, and Lord Arran, in an interesting maiden speech, quoted expert evidence to the effect that, whatever Acts of Parliament might say, you could never succeed in getting the women off the streets. It was the gentlemen who organized the traffic who would insist on keeping it going and who paid, organized and controlled the girls. Take care of the ponce and the pounds will take care of themselves, seems the prostitutes' motto; and their lordships passed the bill, with what the Bishop of Exeter described as "restrained rapture," by a majority of four to one.

The next day they had switched back to a very different subject—the British Navy. There seemed general agreement from both sides of the House that the Navy had been allowed to run down too far, and pretty general agreement with Lord Teynham that we should be wise to spend more money on ships which we dared use and less on nuclear weapons which we dare not use. At that very moment the Commons were hearing the report about the shooting affray with an Icelandic trawler which seemed to give point to the argument.

The ways of the Commons are impenetrable to the uninitiated. Members of Parliament, like other people, are worried about nuclear fall-out, and a number of Members on Tuesday had questions down to the Prime Minister about it. The Prime Minister, for his part, had clearly and admittedly taken a good deal of trouble to prepare the answers. But questions to the Prime Minister do not come on until No. 45, and if Members exuberate in their curiosity about earlier questions No. 45 is barely reached within the prescribed hour. On Tuesday afternoon there was no end of excellent gibes about what would happen if Scottish foxes which can

be trapped in gin-traps escape over the border into England where gin-traps are forbidden. Then there were fun and games about what would happen to Sir William Harcourt's statue when Lord Balfour was erected in his place; and about banned performances in Royal parks. Mr. Shinwell made some jests which he found infinitely diverting, and as a result of it all the Prime Minister's questions were barely reached and he had not time to give the House all the information which he had prepared.

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends,

and if it should happen to end at two minutes after half-past three, or if Mr. Shinwell should happen to be in possession of the floor of the House, there will be no way under Standing Orders in which its end can possibly be announced.

— PERCY SOMERSET

☆

"WHY UNEMPLOYMENT IS HIGH IN ITALY
59 P.C. OF THE POPULATION DOES NOT WORK"

The Times

Next question.



Mr. Alfred Robens



Lord Arran

Elementary, My Dear Sheba

AS any beauty expert can tell you, there are only two short cuts to attractiveness: Making the Most or Making the Best of whatever you've got.

Making the Most of it is simple and comparatively dull. All it means is that if you have a beautiful face, shining hair, a disgustingly perfect figure and legs a curve better than Marlene Dietrich's, be a show-off and enjoy yourself. Put a wide, wide belt around your 19-inch waist and pull it really t-i-g-h-t; difficulty in breathing only heightens your natural colour. When surrounded by admirers, stand bang under a strong light, knowing full well that the roots of your hair are just as golden as the ends, and every now and then tug absent-mindedly at your long thick lashes to prove that they're real. Crossing your spun-glass ankles, you may even comment on the appalling bother of finding size 3 shoes in fashionable styles. Yes, be brazen. Make the Most of it. But don't be surprised if women don't take kindly to you.

Making the Best of it is infinitely more entertaining. It's a complex pastime based on humility and on the invincible courage of the bulldog breed. To

FOR
WOMEN

qualify for the game, something in your appearance must be a distinctly Bad Job which you are determined to turn into an asset.

There are several ways to do this. The easiest is to give nature a hand and correct her omissions. For example, a girl with string-coloured hair, cheddary skin, pale watery eyes, and no brows or lashes should regard her face as an unused page in a child's painting book, where the basic drawing must be filled in with colours (all done by numbers, of course).

When it's a question of subtracting rather than adding, camouflage comes into its own. What can't be prettified must be hidden. For argument's sake take a long, protruding nose. Granted, short of plastic surgery nothing will turn it into an endearing retroussé number, but that is entirely beside the point; after all, you don't want to chop it off, you want to Make the Best of it.

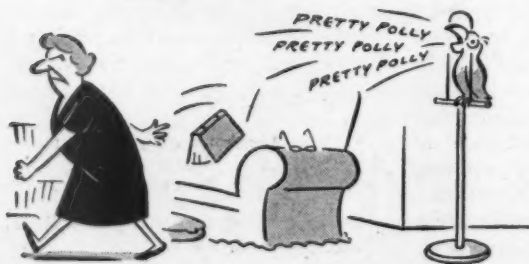
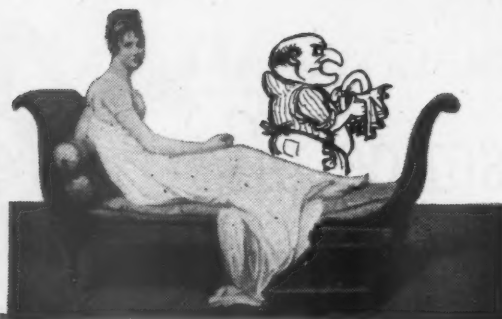
Be brave. Camouflage pays. Begin with an anti-sheen lotion, since a long strip of sheen suggests a long strip of nose. Continue with dark make-up and powder; we all know that a dark shape looks smaller than a light shape of the same size. Did you say it won't match the rest of your

face? Who cares? It's far better for people to think that your nose is discoloured than that it's outsize. Add oodles of mascara. Lashings of lipstick. A fluffy, forward-moving coiffure to shorten the profile. A few cunning touches to divert the attention even more—a daring neckline, horizontally protruding earrings to give width, a knock-out scent to spell tempestuous attraction. The whole works, in brief, involving so much trouble and effort that in the end whatever complex you may have had is killed stone-dead by sheer exhaustion.

Once you've Made the Best of yourself the thing becomes an obsession. Driven by holy passion to improve others, you find yourself casting calculating glances at strange women who waste a perfectly good Bad Job by Making Nothing of it. In a more advanced stage of the monomania you can't even read a book without wincing at some person or other's description.

"Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks"? Surely too much of a fringe, you murmur disapprovingly: those eye-tickling poodle jobs are out, all one wears these days is a fine strand flicked across the brow. And aren't doves' eyes completely round? Most unfortunate. Two sideways strokes with a soft eye pencil would help to give a better shape.

"Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that



appear from Mount Gilead"? Poor girl. Obviously needs a good trim and thinning-out—some women do look top-heavy. Goat—goodness, that isn't even woolly, that's straightforward mohair! Quite a job to make the best of *that*. Conditioning cream and a soft perm, perhaps; even so, no bouffant style, ever. Wouldn't have enough "body" for that.

"Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet" sounds equally wrong. Should be nasturtium, and much more of it than a thread, thin lips are terribly aging. Added to all this, her "neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury" sounds like an Olympic swimmer. Let's hope she has good shoulders. If so, a wide bateau neckline could do something to diminish that neck.

What's that? "There is no spot in thee"? Well, thank heavens she's got a good complexion. At least she can Make the Most of that.

— BETA BISHOP

"My dear, it's me . . .

I JUST can't wait to tell you. He's absolutely marvellous, I met him at Angela's, and yesterday we had a heavenly little dinner. You know, Soho and candles, and, my dear, a Sunbeam Alpine, and he's asked me again to-morrow, I said I wasn't sure, though of course I was, but I had to be diplomatic, I just *threw* in Richard's name in a casual sort of way, I think it had effect, and now I'm practising being *frightfully* nonchalant because he should be ringing any minute. My dear, what's that you keep saying about making hair appointments? My dear, what do you mean? Are you being rather sarcastic? My dear, you couldn't mean you just *aren't interested*? I just don't want my hair done by Elizabeth Rubinstein. My dear, it's *me*. My dear . . . IT ISN'T YOU!"

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

Dea Inter Machinas

OVER the years I have come to wonder whether the author of *The Bride in her Kitchen*, who was responsible for my drawerful of adorable little frilled aprons, was not a little out of touch with modern domestic trends. It was the day I took the vacuum cleaner apart that I had my first doubts. The lemon frills kept dabbling in the oilier parts of the motor, until an irritated swish sent flying all the little screws I'd laid so carefully along the bottom shelf of the bookcase. In the end I pinned an old kitchen towel round my waist instead.

As the children grew bigger and elastic bands, bent pins and bubble gum formed the staple diet of the cleaner, I abandoned the aprons altogether and bought a couple of boiler suits. For routine domestic tasks, such as the stripping down of the needle-bed of your knitting machine, or the removal of the clogged filter from your washer, you cannot beat the boiler suit.

I disagree with the writer of *The Bride in her Kitchen* on one other point. The screwdriver, rather than the wooden spoon, ranks as my least dispensable item of small equipment. A dinner-knife will do in an emergency, but I don't recommend this for everyday use. I have half a dozen or so screwdrivers strategically placed around the house. Before I adopted this plan I used to borrow the one from my son's Meccano but found that this was having an adverse effect on his temperament. Formerly sunny, he became moody and frustrated.

I use the gay little rack of plastic jars in my kitchen for keeping ready to hand such things as machine oil, electric-motor lubricant, and nuts and bolts in assorted sizes. I find the latter useful whenever I drop a screw from the mixing machine behind the refrigerator.

At one time I used to feel frustrated. It seemed that the strict time-table of routine maintenance left me little time for the actual cooking, washing, etc. However, my husband solved this problem for me. Provided I am prepared to keep the machines in first-class running order he is only too pleased to do the work for me on Saturday mornings, though he refuses to wear my gay little aprons. Still, they come in handy for wedding presents.

— ELIZABETH BENTLEY

Lament

For the demolition of the Ladies' Carlton Club

HOW sombrely, how blackly falls
The house within whose hideous
walls,
A gangling twelve, I could be seen
At luncheon with Aunt Ernestine.

How choice the lamb, the gooseberry
fool,
How different from the food at school;
The dentist was the only cloud
And Mussolini not yet loud.

And oh the strawberry ice was good!
We did not ponder, as we should,
On all those persons, poor and mean,
Not lunching with Aunt Ernestine.

I ought to be ashamed of this
But, goodness, ignorance was bliss,
Amongst the *Tailors* and the *Queens*,
And all the other Ernestines.

Now fallen before supertax
They cram the citadel in sacks,
And watched by groups of sad-eyed
Tories
A way of life departs in lorries.

— PENELOPE HUNT





Solid Fare for the Boom

THE Stock Exchange boom is getting boomier. It is now being fed on decidedly more solid fare than the reflationary gestures and promises made in the Budget. There is in the first place the comforting reassurance that disturbing thoughts of a General Election can be put to sleep for another few months. "Unto the day..."

Secondly, there is impressive evidence of the continuing strength of sterling, the factor which must colour and reinforce the whole market picture. Last month the gold reserve rose by another £40 million. In the same period, incidentally, the United States continued to lose gold. All this must be giving the serried ranks of American banks, who have been holding their Convention at Fishmongers' Hall in the City, something about which to cry or deny "stinking fish."

Thirdly, there is now a steady stream of good news from industry. Steel is climbing back to full production. The motor-car firms are hoisting new records every month. In April Fords and Vauxhalls made, sold and exported more cars and trucks than ever before. British Motor Corporation are stepping up in production to meet what the Company calls "overwhelming demand" from home and overseas markets. If cars prosper, so must the firms making tyres and accessories. They are doing so, as witness the latest Dunlop Rubber figures. The net profits available to the parent company are about £350,000 higher at £3,567,000, the dividend has been stepped up from 14 to 16½ per cent, and the directors have decided to make a scrip issue of one new share for every four held.

There is something promising about a one in four scrip bonus. Like the beer the publican gave to the painters working on his premises, "it is just about right." The directors, of course, say that the scrip issue "carries no dividend implications." With a one for one scrip bonus, this would hardly need saying. The assumption would be that the rate of dividend on the doubled capital would be halved. With a one

for four issue the alluring vision of a modest stepping up of the total distribution remains, despite all directorial reservations. In this case the vision glows a little brighter still from the fact that the company is undoubtedly in good shape.

The boom in the car and accessory industries is being fed in part by the growth in hire purchase credit. The total H.P. debt rose by another £28 million in March, and in April the number of credit contracts registered by the motor-car trade was a record. It is little wonder, therefore, that shares of finance companies should have provided one of the brightest sections of a really bright Stock Exchange. Those of the United Dominions Trust have climbed over the 160s. mark, producing a magnificent paper profit for Barclays Bank which acquired its four million shares in this enterprise



Survival of the Fittest

BRITAIN is within two or three years of complete eradication of tuberculosis in cattle. The Ministry of Agriculture has been attacking the disease by areas in a campaign of three stages. First, stockowners in selected counties are offered free tests and they are at liberty to take what action they like about the "reactors" which fail to pass.

The second stage starts when the area is designated an "Eradication Area." Tests now become compulsory, and movement of cattle into and within the area is controlled. Reactors must be slaughtered but compensation is paid. Finally, when the authorities are satisfied that the disease has been beaten, the area is labelled "Attested" and farmers bask in the glory of their achievement (even though they may have been forced to do it).

Wales, Westmorland, Cumberland and a large chunk of England—mostly south of London—have already gained this distinction. On March 1 a large block of England—mainly across the South Midlands, with Cornwall and part of Devon—was declared an

less than nine months ago at 80s. each. In this group of enterprise few have been as dynamic in their policy and growth as Lombard Banking. In the short span of four years it has grown from a £4½ million stripling to a lusty and still growing £51 million. It has extended its activities to most parts of the Commonwealth, the largest of its external investments being Lombard Australia which should share in the assured growth and prosperity of that great country. From all one hears these are only early days in the life and growth of Lombard Banking. Another £3 million capital is to be raised in Preference and Ordinary shares by ways of rights to existing Ordinary shareholders. The Ordinary shares have risen in price over the past year from 17s. to 31s. They appear bound for higher altitudes still.

— LOMBARD LANE

Eradication Area. The remainder of the country is an area of free tests. Although the vets. entered the arena in 1935—many years after doctors—they are now in a winning position thanks to the statutory obligation to slaughter all cattle which fail to pass the test.

But we farmers now read with misgiving that the World Health Organization, determined to invade the privacy of various 'flu viruses which disappear between epidemics, are testing the possibility that they skulk in animal hosts. Will this be the excuse for a new system of tests and slaughter?

Anyone who has seen us in the throes of a TB test, struggling in a maelstrom of half-ton beasts, holding a frenzied patient with a finger and thumb in its slimy nostrils and perhaps as it lunges at the last moment receiving the hypodermic jab intended for the bullock, will realize the lengths to which we would go to avoid a new type of test.

The tuberculosis scheme was originally started, and our cattle slaughtered, to protect human beings, but, when the disease is finally eradicated from our herds, cattle can still catch it from infected humans. The boot will then be on the other foot; mankind will be the carrier and our cows the innocent victims.

We are basically kindhearted and do not want to be driven to protect our herds by a demand for a reciprocal slaughter policy. But, if you think you can dodge the 'flu virus by testing and slaughtering more of our cattle, look out!

— LLEWELYN WILLIAMS



BOOKING OFFICE

More and More Poems

Promises. Robert Penn Warren. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 18/-

Life Studies. Robert Lowell. *Faber*, 10/6
Songs. Christopher Logue. *Hutchinson*, 12/6

New Poets, 1959. Edited by Edwin Muir. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 18/-

The Return of Arthur, Part II. Martyn Skinner. *Chapman and Hall*, 12/6

A FEW exhibits from the little-visited museum of modern poetry. Almost the most hopeful thing about them is the clearness with which they show the divergence between the American and British traditions. The Americans are making most of the running at the moment, especially if one allows *The Oxford Book of American Verse's* claim to both Auden and Eliot. Already the two traditions are far enough apart to have a fertilizing effect on each other, in the way that French poetry stimulated English fifty years ago. And look, no language difficulty; at least, not much.

Just now the Americans seem to be busy rescuing what they can of their individual past before it gets chromed over by General Motors. About half of both Warren's and Lowell's books are autobiographical. There is nothing in *Promises* with quite the drive and splendour of Warren's "Ballad of Billie Potts." These poems are all much shorter, but they are mostly extraordinarily alive and direct, and crackling with controlled strength. A boy watches a tramp step out of woods into the sunlight a couple of fields away, and later meets him in a lane, spent but still sinister, with "a voice like a croak from an old well." Or he sits under a cedar and listens to his grandfather describe a Civil War hanging. There is a Wordsworthian consciousness that the clarity and intensity of the boy's perception elicits universal meanings from simple events; and this adds a curious quality to the poems about

children to-day, seen with the muddled vision of middle age.

Robert Lowell is also busy with the past, but less passionately. In easy, loose rhythms he amasses the period details that surrounded his childhood:

*Like my Grandfather, the décor
 was manly, comfortable,
 overbearing, disproportioned.*

One reads, between the bric-à-brac, the story of an emotional, oddly balanced child growing up awkward and inadequate. Few of the poems are in themselves memorable, but together they make a remarkably moving group.

With the British poets one is immediately struck by the comparative deadness of the language; the actual texture of the words seems less natural, less of a growing thing. Christopher Logue, slick, self-confident, always on the attack, forces his language into life by an effort of will, and a very exhausting process it is for everyone. More than his poetical poems, which are oddly

Yellow Book-ish, I enjoyed his verse fables and gnomic utterances, something in the manner of Lawrence's *Pansies*. There is a certain amount of good traditional left-wing satire too, and it is a comfort to read a poet with a sense of purpose and direction.

This is what Eyre and Spottiswoode's three New Poets (selected from a host of others by the late Edwin Muir) all seem to lack; they are all interesting, particularly Karen Gershon, many of whose poems have the intense, narrow, very female glumness of Christina Rossetti or Emily Dickinson. They tend, of course, to lapse into other people's styles, (Yeats, Thomas, and Wallace Stevens for the most part). But too many poems start by recording a scene or event and finish trying to cram in too large a general statement.

Last (not for lack of merit but because he won't fit in) comes Martyn Skinner with the second instalment of his enormous Byron-cum-Orwell satire. It is really an extraordinary achievement to produce a one-hundred-and-twenty-page poem telling a story, slow-moving and full of asides, which nevertheless carries one on without any feeling of weariness. Mr. Skinner has the satirist's age-old difficulty with his positives; his likes are not particularly exciting, but there aren't a lot of them and his numerous dislikes are most enjoyable.

— PETER DICKINSON

POETS' CORNER



10. E. E. CUMMINGS

NEW FICTION

Founding Fathers. Alfred Duggan. *Faber*, 16/-

Dark Pilgrim. Frans Venter. *Collins*, 15/-

The Devil's Quill. David Horner. *Heinemann*, 15/-

The Margaret Days. Elizabeth Avery. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6

Early struggles on the classical side have left most of us vague about the origins of Rome. The idea that in the eighth century B.C. it was merely three thousand bandits living in huts behind a palisade seems almost impious. All the

more interesting is Mr. Duggan's *Founding Fathers*, a novel which with close respect to legend reconstructs the lives and feelings of the ordinary citizens during the city's first forty years. Romulus was a twister with a genius for leadership, making a show of the forms of democracy but in fact a dictator, backed by his strong-arm squad of well-fed *celeris*. At the same time Rome asked no questions of her recruits, and there were fair shares for all her three tribes.

What is extraordinary is that so practical a people should have been so superstitious; a slightly warty liver in an old goat could turn their confidence to water. Mr. Duggan's pirate-farmers learning under pressure to be good neighbours, come vividly alive, and his quiet account of their battles and political tensions is very effective. An unusual and exciting novel.

Dark Pilgrim is another novel about *apartheid*, and it is significant that it was written originally in Afrikaans by an author who is said to have been ignorant of other books on the subject. Although scrupulously fair to both sides it gives a tragic picture of the plight of the innocent village negro trying to get an honest living in a mining city. The agitator, the negro gangster in his tropical suit, the razor-boys and the pitiable squalor of shanty-town, Mr. Venter seems to know them all intimately. His book is the more powerful for being written, without rancour, in a very simple folk style; his continuous use of the present tense is less successful, but the big scenes in the long agony of his hero are movingly described. The man is a symbol of all innocent Africans: hopeful, bewildered, and slow to believe in the cruelties of race hatred.

Mr. Horner is obviously at home among the gossip, the malice and the protocol of a prosperous little town in provincial France, and puts his knowledge to nimble use in *The Devil's Quill*, a civilized, mocking novel about a poison-pen corroding the foundations of local society. Bellerive might seem heaven to the passing tourist, basking by the Rhone; it becomes hell when the anonymous letter-writer really gets to work. Distrust, never far from such a surface, grows like a fungus, and Mr. Horner arranges ringside seats for us to watch it spreading, in cottage, villa and even in the great house itself—a delightful privilege, for he is a witty guide, with

evident affection for French life. This is an amusing variant of the whodunit, and the solution is cunningly crossed with false trails.

The Margaret Days, Elizabeth Avery's first novel, is about a sickeningly well-behaved little girl who lives in a village with a foster-aunt, and plays pretend-games with her dolls. It is written in simplified nursery-language, and is extremely sentimental. This is a fair sample: "Inside herself Babs stood back and thought nobody could ever be as wonderful as her Mums and she went across and flung her arms round her waist and a bone in her neck went click as she got her head back far enough to look up at Mums' face, and Mums' eyes looked all sparkly like Nellie's had and she blinked very fast . . ." I can find no indication that this book is not intended, surprisingly, for adults.

— ERIC KEOWN

East and West Side Story

The Shook-up Generation. Harrison E. Salisbury. *Michael Joseph*, 18/-

This study of New York's teenage gangs is authentic, very moving and only occasionally horrifying; for apparently senseless violence ceases to horrify when on analysis it turns out to be a predictable reaction to an intolerable environment. New York has about nine thousand young gangsters, almost all from broken homes and from the custom-built slums the City is creating by its policy of giving the poorest families overriding priority in its new housing estates. They fight for prestige, no more, and their weapons include pistols, switch-blades, acid bottles, "zip-guns" and car aerials (Mr. Salisbury's book contains some keen new ideas for British delinquents). The schools, the churches, the police seem to do little for them; only the remarkable achievements of the "street club workers," authorized liaison officers between the City Youth Board and the gangs, shed a ray of hope. When we read of an occasional London boy being knifed we may well thank God we have not New York's problems on our hands.

— B. A. Y.

CREDIT BALANCE

The Nine Days of Dunkirk. David Divine. *Faber*, 21/- . This result of extensive research is an excellent contribution to the

history of World War II. Covering the events leading up to the evacuation as well as the withdrawal across the channel, the book is a tribute to the outstanding ability of Lord Gort and of Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay with the powerful drive of Sir Winston Churchill in the background.

Jack Would be a Gentleman. Gillian Freeman. *Longmans*, 15/- . Depressing family made miserable by winning football pool. Like *The Liberty Man*, an observant study of class and the road to equality that seems less patronizing and more politically penetrating in retrospect.

Collected Poems 1959. Robert Graves. *Cassell*, 25/- . The public must now confirm its discrimination in acclaiming Betjeman by according equal recognition to this beautifully produced collection of the towering, yet always accessible, verse of Robert Graves—a great master if ever there was one.

Hunting The Bismarck. C. S. Forester. *M. Joseph*, 12/6 . One hundred and nine pages of continuously arresting description from the Hornblower pen makes good reading if you can forget that the fictional dialogue is unfolding a true account of naval achievement.

AT THE GALLERY

Portraits Old and New

PORTRAIT painters in our chaotic modern world often have difficulty in fixing the status of their sitters. Fearing the Scylla of smug pomposity—among the successful—they rush to the Charybdis of dim decrepitude. As an example of the latter we can take Graham Sutherland's Tate portrait of Somerset Maugham, where the sitter, well-dressed and eminent as we know him to be, appears in the guise of a mendicant who has lost his matches.

When asked "Who shall I go to for a portrait?" I usually discreetly duck. Now, on the strength of this year's Royal Academy, two portraits give me the confidence to take the blow gaily on the chin and hand back a reply. First, Henry Lamb's of A. D. C. Petersen, for its unusually vigorous characterization, so that I feel in touch with a definite distinguished personality in a definite walk of life (academic); and Mr. Ward's portrait of a clergyman, for its decorative value—this should hold its own with fine eighteenth-century family portraits. Mr. Ward makes delightful play of cassock, stole, and surplice (how often has this chance been missed) and in addition renders his sitter a dignified human personality.

With his fine eye for whites (in light and shadow, see also Nos. 119, 248) in mind we shall approach Oudry's toothsome cream pudding and duck (No. 16) at Agnews (Houghton Collection) in something of the spirit of connoisseurs, of tonal contrasts. But I wish to say something of portraiture, and with this in mind we shall gravitate towards the early Gainsborough self-portrait, in a



tricorn hat, and his early conversation piece, in perfect condition, of Mr. and Mrs. Browne of Tunstall. Here the interest is divided between the little group of figures and an exquisite piece of rustic landscape. Decorative silhouettes, white on blue and black, as well as the finest characterization, are to be found in Hans Holbein's portrait which appears wonderfully fresh in spite of the years. A certain lack of decorative quality detracts from the otherwise very brilliant Lady Sassoon, by Sargent. Here I must leave portraiture to bow to a magnificent Rubens sketch, and, if it can be mentioned in the same breath, Sir William Orpen's prodigious Slade School scholarship piece.

Note.—Space permits only recommendation of Carel Weight, Margaret Green, Methuen, Burn, Cole, Le Bas, all highly individual artists, at the R.A.

R.A. closes August 16.

Houghton Pictures (Messrs. Agnew), closes June 6. — ADRIAN DAINTRY

AT THE PLAY

Candide (SAVILLE)

Urfaust (PRINCES)

The World of Paul Slickey (PALACE)

TEN years ago the idea of a musical based on Voltaire's *Candide* might have seemed outlandish to the average theatregoer; to-day he accepts it with reasonable calm, and would presumably react in the same way to an operetta derived from Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*, or an adaptation of *The Compleat Angler* in the form of an intimate revue. It is better that this should be so, than that the lighter side of the theatre should sink in a tinkly goo of would-be *No, No, Nanettes*. The danger is that in its efforts to introduce coherent thought or Solemn Messages into the world of legs, laughs and genteel ooh-la-las, the modern movement might be tempted to grow its hair just a little *too* long, and frighten away that faithful body of musical comedy lovers whose peak of happiness was reached in the days of *The Desert Song*.

Nobody need be frightened away by Lillian Hellman's version of *Candide*—not even those who have found Voltaire's satirical bite too harsh or uncompromising; for Miss Hellman, while retaining a good deal of the old gentleman's irony, and sticking pretty close to his irreverent conclusions, has somehow contrived to

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

The "Punch in the Theatre" Exhibition is at the Repertory Theatre, Dundee, Rotunda Gallery, Dundee, and the Festival Theatre, Pitlochry.

The *Punch* cinema cartoon exhibition is at the Odeon Cinema, Redhill, by arrangement with the Rank Organisation.



Candide—DENIS QUILLEY

Dr. Pangloss—LAURENCE NAISMITH

sweeten his sting with gaiety, to cushion as it were his savage blows with a padding of comicality. The resulting entertainment, served up with some marvellously apt and joyous music by the permanent conductor of the New York Philharmonic, and garnished with fresh and amusing settings by Osbert Lancaster, makes a very palatable dish indeed: sole on the bone, say, with a surprisingly hot sauce.

After a brilliantly staged opening scene at the castle of Baron Thunder Ten Tronch, which is speedily devastated by war, we follow the fortunes of the guileless *Candide* as he moves about the world in search of his beloved *Cunegonde*, clinging to the optimistic philosophy of Pangloss even in circumstances of the most blatant brutality, horror, injustice and viciousness: until at last Pangloss himself is forced to the conclusion that all is perhaps *not* for the best in the best of possible worlds, and decides in the final number that the most we can do is to "Make Our Garden Grow." I found this finale chillingly effective. It must be one of the strangest in the whole short history of musicals.

As the irrepressible *Cunegonde* Mary Costa, quite apart from singing superlatively well, gives a performance full of glad mockery, alert humour, and delightful fluency. I hope her rendering of the aria "Glitter and Be Gay," in Act I (a

riotous parody of the "Jewel Song") will continue to bring down the house for many a long day. Laurence Naismith is an energetic Dr. Pangloss, bouncing and shining with delight amid scenes of uproarious desolation, and lecturing the audience from time to time like some demented Pickwick. Denis Quilley (*Candide*), Edith Coates and Ron Moody act and sing the other principal rôles with memorable polish and gusto.

As to Mr. Bernstein's score, I found it a continual delight—varied, urbane, and full of witty invention. I cannot at the moment recall a single one of his tunes, but I do not regard that as important: the main thing is that I would like to hear them all again—in the theatre, where they belong.

The Malmö Municipal Theatre's production of Goethe's *Urfaust*, which was staged here for a single week, gave those who ventured to see it a rare (perhaps rarefied) theatrical treat. A knowledge of the Swedish language would obviously have helped, but the story at least was reasonably familiar. (It was an early version of *Faust* and, if anything, seemed more to the point than the finished work.) The direction, by Ingmar Bergman, was classically economical. Against an austere minimum of scenery, poetically lit, he moved his players in formal, dance-like patterns, freezing them singly or in

groups when they were not required, and insisting on a precision of gesture and of pose that was exciting to watch. Toivo Pawlo as Mephistopheles and Max von Sydow as Faust were equally impressive; and Gunnel Lindblom's Margareta had moments of great beauty. Many of our own actors could learn much from them of the value of repose and uncluttered movement.

With much of what John Osborne was evidently trying to say in *The World of Paul Slickey* I heartily agreed. In his manner of saying it I found no shape, no form, and singularly little humour; and my mood changed, as the evening wore on, from anticipation to uncomfortable boredom. The gossip columnist is a legitimate target for satirical attack: but this is a target that has already been pretty well shot to pieces, so that any new onslaught must be devastating if it is to arouse much attention. Here we were offered a confused, lumbering hotch-potch, flapping about clumsily in all kinds of irrelevant directions with half-inflated balloons. The anger didn't hit nearly hard enough in the right places, and snarled or sniggered too childishly in the wrong ones. I believe Mr. Osborne should have allowed a more

practised hand to write the lyrics, and the score seemed uniformly undistinguished. Nor can I commend any member of the cast except Dennis Lotis, who sang bravely, and the dancers, who seemed energetically unabashed. On the first night one of the principals, unable to control her feelings at the unfriendly reception from the gallery, allowed herself to use a most unprofessional gesture in their direction. Until that moment I had sympathized with her, for the chief fault lay clearly with the author.

— ALEX ATKINSON

AT THE PICTURES

It Happened to Jane
Beyond This Place
A Sunday Romance

MY heart sank when I saw that *It Happened to Jane* (Director: Richard Quine) was announced as "A Warm Wonderful Movie for the Whole Family!"—but I needn't have worried. True it is that the kind of audience attracted by this phrase will enjoy it well enough on that level. Two typical members of this audience were sitting just behind me, in almost uninterrupted conversation; about half-way through the picture one felt called on to explain to the other exactly who one of the principal characters was ("This is the other one"), and at other times to comment with surprise on the fact that in the U.S., too, there were evidently parking meters and certain other phenomena, including some familiar TV programmes, that the U.S. is generally known to have had in fact quite a time before we did.

But the picture appeals on another level too: it is full of brilliantly enjoyable

observation, invention, and playing, and the direction, particularly of many complicated shifting-group scenes, seemed to me superb.

It is a fairly simple comedy. The central character is a young woman (Doris Day) in a small coast town in Maine, who is just starting a business in supplying live lobsters to inland cities, and the spring of the action is her fight with the mean boss (Ernie Kovacs) of the local railway. Her first consignment, on which the whole goodwill of her little business depends, is delayed because of his inefficient train service until the lobsters are dead and worthless. From this small beginning develops a tremendous battle, as her stubbornness is increased by her consciousness of being in the right and he is roused to fury by her opposition. She is awarded damages, but not enough, and impounds a train in the station; he retaliates by demanding rent for the track; and so on. Meanwhile newspaper and TV reports have given her a country-wide fame as the ordinary housewife who is fighting a huge corporation.

It is all done with delightful detail and works up to a climactic scene of wonderful absurdity in which protestations of love and a proposal are screeched at a distance against the noise of a train in which the man is desperately shovelling coal. A special word for Mr. Kovacs, splendidly funny as the boorish tycoon, and Miss Day is always charming; but the strength of the picture is the brilliance with which the laughs are prepared, planted and worked up by the writer (Norman Katkov) and the director.

I think the main trouble with *Beyond This Place* (Director: Jack Cardiff) is over-concentration, telescoping of effects, the effort to cram too much in. I have mentioned this before in discussing the film version of a novel, but here it is unusually noticeable. I don't know the A. J. Cronin original, but anyone could tell there was a novel behind this. One unmistakable sign is the extreme, disconcerting, sometimes almost comic speed with which a dialogue that begins quietly and conversationally works up to strong, high-pitched emotion; there is simply no time to allow it to develop with credible gradualness.

Essentially an earnest, rather drab crime melodrama disguised with a miscellany of very well-played character parts and some philosophizing, this is about a young man (Van Johnson), evacuated to the U.S. as a child, who returns to Liverpool and sets out to clear the name of his father, convicted of murder many years before. Signs of what looks like a sheer refusal to bother (e.g., the fact that all the newspaper reports we are shown are about the same size and in the same place on the front page, as if anything bearing on this story were one of the paper's regular features) are irritatingly sprinkled among a good

REP SELECTION

York, Theatre Royal, *Touch it Light*, until May 16th.
Ipswich Theatre, *Tunnel of Love*, until May 23rd.
Liverpool Playhouse, *Libel!*, until May 23rd.
Sheffield Playhouse, *Who's Your Father?* until May 23rd.



Jane Osgood—DORIS DAY

Harry Foster Malone—ERNIE KOVACS

[It Happened to Jane

deal of excellent scenic detail (e.g., in the newspaper-office). Bernard Lee is horrifyingly good as a man brutalized by prison, and many of the small-part people shine; but as a whole it's unsatisfactory.

The Hungarian *A Sunday Romance* (Director: Imre Feher) is a simple, charming little period (first war) story about a lovely servant girl whose heart was broken by a faithless young man. There are innumerable amusing moments (the introduction through the café window, the advice to the reporter about an adjective, the attempt to distract a group arranging a duel); enough, perhaps, to make one overlook the frequent nagging reminders—in the perpetual emphasis on *class*, the heavy repetition that the man is only pretending to be "a common private," the ludicrously exaggerated imperiousness and lack of consideration of the girl's employers—that this one comes from behind the Iron Curtain.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *A Sunday Romance* is *Swan Lake*, a Soviet colour film of an actual performance by the Bolshoi: it is riddled with shots of the audience, and the commentary in English is not endearing, but balletomanes should find enough to keep them fascinated. There's a first-rate new one, *Sapphire*—details next week. The funny Polish *Eve Wants to Sleep* and the Arab fable *Goha* (both 15/4/59) continue together. *Compulsion* (29/4/59) is in its last day or two. There are also *The Doctor's Dilemma* (6/5/59), and a good Western, *Warlock* (6/5/59), and still *Room at the Top* (4/2/59) and *Gigi* (18/2/59).

Compulsion is also among the releases. Many people will love *Imitation of Life* (22/4/59), but I didn't. *Up Periscope!* is quite a good Pacific-war story with a climax of powerful suspense.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Frankly, Soured

IT was bound to happen. The phenomenal success of the TV version of "H-Hancock's Half-hour" had to be underlined by the comparative failure of numerous imitations. Hancock's formula is simple enough: take an ingeniously ingenious story-line based on the contemptible weak-kneed megalomania of the scripted Anthony and the cool disenchanted spivvory of Sidney James, lace it with good clowning and brilliant miming, throw in a fair dollop of topical social satire, and stir the whole thing up with first-class supporting actors and brisk production and . . . well, Tony's your uncle. The other week we saw again the droll epic of Hancock the musical comedy star, fleeing his creditor colleagues and



TONY HANCOCK

FRANKIE HOWERD

becoming ludicrously involved with a nit-witted vicar and a pukka eastern potentate. The mixture was part Chaplin and part Marx Bros., witless, daringly slapstick and deliciously mad. By no means the best of the Hancock series it was none the less streets ahead of its current competitors.

In the same week we saw the first of "Frankly Howerd," a series of half-hour situation comedies starring the wide-eyed and bereft Frankie. Mr. Howerd performed gaily and energetically but without (for me) raising a titter, and it is the critic's duty to ask why. Reuben Ship's script was, admittedly, old hat, a line done to death in Mankowitz's *Expresso Bongo* and a score of parallel ventures. But I had the feeling throughout this dull charade—in which Howerd climbs miraculously from male voice chorister to rock 'n' roll sensation and dolefully back again—that the Hancock-James-Simpson-Galton team would have made a meal of it, found rich meat on this horny funnybone.

What imitators have so far failed to realize is that Hancock rejoices in a character of extreme complication and that the fun aroused by his antics springs chiefly from a capacity to surprise endlessly with goofy reactions. We never quite know how Hancock will respond, whether he will feign scrupulous honesty or cheap-jack knavery, whether he will be lofty in ideal or helplessly moronic, whether he will be brave or cowardly, U or non-U, pedantic or crisply vulgar . . .

By contrast Howerd is entirely predictable—so that the viewer is always hoping for more than he is given and anticipating wisecracks and rib-ticklers that mature with the inevitability of detergent foam. It would be splendid if we could have h-half a dozen H-Hancocks, but we shall never get them until the professional funny men take the

trouble to discover the ingredients of his hilarious specific.

Steam radio has taken a leaf out of Ed. Murrow's "Small World" (surely one of the most important developments in TV talkies) to promote a new series called "Asking the World" (Home Service) in which speakers in different lands are brought together via the microphone to cerebrate upon matters of mutual interest. This is basically an excellent idea, and the wonder is that it has been used so little before now. The BBC's motto, "Nation shall speak peace unto nation," ought surely to have inspired more ventures in international radio than the old "Transatlantic Quiz," the Christmas hook-up of the Commonwealth outposts, and kindred oddments.

I found "Asking the World" interesting and instructive, though the speakers—on this occasion, Oliver Todd (Paris), Norman Podhoretz (New York), Gunnar Heckscher (Stockholm) and David Thomson and John Morris (London)—seemed strangely reluctant to get to grips with their problems and were often rather tiresomely evasive. "Small World" has undoubted glamour, and more personality interest than "Asking the World" can ever hope to attain. On the other hand the radio programme can traffic in verbal ideas far more successfully than any TV show. It is vitally important to the future of steam radio that programmes of this kind should make the grade. A little more bite, a little more boldness, a little more sticking out of chests and necks . . . and "Asking the World" could be a winner.

Good-bye (with congratulations to all concerned) to *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (BBC TV). A truly memorable adaptation, and a spanking performance from Alec McCowan.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Motor If You Must

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

10 Maps and Traps



Signposts on the road to experience

AS you do me the honour of reading these words there are upwards of fourteen thousand motorists driving rapidly away from their destinations. Some are aiming at Inveraray or Dumbarton, but have just left Carlisle and are heading south-west for the Isle of Man; others are making for Colwyn Bay out of Leicester, but are in fact beating strongly towards Lincoln and the north-east. In the London area the departures from plan are more subtle and interesting, as the intercom. crackles between driver and navigator:

- D. Chiswick Bridge *again*? Are you sure?
 N. That's what the map says.
 D. Well, I reckon this is the eighth time we've crossed the Thames.
 N. It bends a lot here.
 D. Oh, all right, but for Pete's sake keep your eyes skinned for a signpost to Upper Norwood.
 or:
 D. We're all right now. This is the Mile End Road. Straight on for Leytonstone.
 N. What do you mean, Leytonstone?

We were through there ten minutes ago. Besides, this is Denmark Hill. We're just coming in to Dulwich.

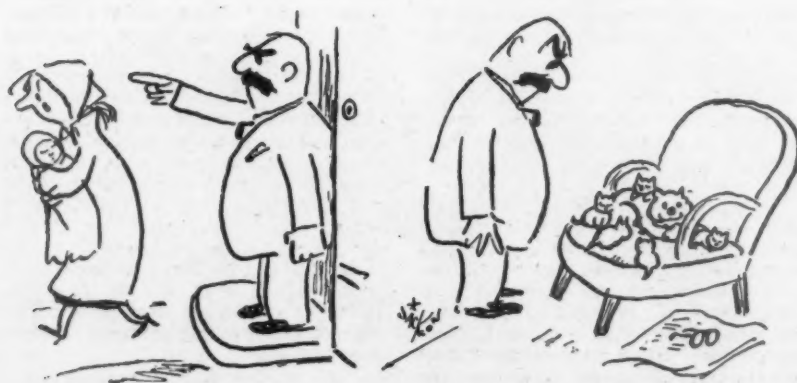
- D. (*keeping calm*). Well, you may be right. See what it says on this big white board.
 N. I wasn't looking. You'll have to go back . . . It says Borough of Holborn. They welcome careful drivers.

These fourteen thousand wanderers* are fairly evenly divided into two groups—those who know that they are lost and those who are going to find out any minute now. It is hard to say which class suffers more in the long run. The first may feel that at least the worst is over. They have discovered their mistake when a mere forty miles off course, and if they can keep up their present reckless exercise in rectification without leaving the road sideways and demolishing a barn they should reach their goal no more than half an hour

* The figure is rough but average; kindly supplied by the Bureau of Automotive Curiosities, a non-profit-making organization.

worse off. Unfortunately, it is during these hysterical retracings that the bump of direction tends to flatten to near concavity, and their moment of greatest anguish may yet await them—the moment when they find that they have lost their way to the place they remember going wrong at. Many motorists, when this happens and they realize that they have no fix of any kind but a board saying "Good Pull-In 300 Yds," take to foul language, ugly re-criminations, and an exchange of blows with motoring handbooks.

For the lost-but-don't-know-it group the saddest element is their innocent satisfaction as the miles stream away under their wheels, the sense of steady achievement with each numeral that slides up on the clock; driver and navigator snuggle up cosily as their destination is drawn resistlessly towards them, that goal of a neat white bed or a rich uncle or a mad aunt (for the fact of a destination dims its mere purpose to nothing) . . . or so they think. Disillusion dawns with cruel stealth, at first a mere brushing of the imagination: surely that is a new filling-station since you were last this way? The shade of magenta on the pumps seems unfamiliar. Now comes an elaborately-limned village signboard: CLAUGHAM-SLY. Can either of you recollect any such place? You cannot. A chill finger touches the spine. The carefree mood of ten minutes ago mocks the memory. It only needs the next direction board to announce BRISTOL AND THE WEST at the point where you have been accustomed to see WORCESTER 15 for the foot to be sharply withdrawn from the accelerator and the maps consulted. These show that you have put an hour's





"... then Fred here got a crack with the ruler for giving cheek."

good, solid motoring between you and your destination, having in fact abandoned the route during that slight, chaffing difference of opinion over what o'clock you should have come out of a roundabout. During the inevitable six-mile drive in search of a reversing point—though up to now the T-junction signs had been as thick as trees—the question is sourly redebated. The dreams of beds, uncles and aunts recede in an atmosphere of mutual disesteem.

There is nothing, by the way, in the whole hair-raising business of being off course and overdue, to touch those last six miles in search of somewhere to turn. It was bad enough to travel into the wilderness unwittingly. To have to plunge still deeper, in full awareness, is hell. Muscular drivers in this extremity have been known to tear a whole segment from the wheel, or root up the gear-shift like a spring onion.

Can these agonies be avoided? The statisticians, setting the official total of navigable miles on British roads against returns of petrol sold, estimate that the

average motorist is going the wrong way two-fifths of the time. Must this happen to you? More than probably. But do not be altogether disheartened. Steer clear of three basic blunders and you may yet ponder happily on the old apophthegm about the shortest distance between two points:

1. *Dual Navigation.* This trap opens invitingly as soon as a man and wife occupy the two front seats of a motor-car. For one to drive and the other to navigate seems a simple, common-sense plan, and is agreed upon. The trouble begins with the navigator's pathetic over-conscientiousness. The driver, whose first two miles of itinerary take him through the town where he has shopped every Saturday for nine years, does not need to be told "Fork left at the dry-cleaners," or "Sharp right, dear, just where Mrs. Anderson's crossing the road." He says nothing at first, and is even proud of his self-control in not taking his secret short cut through the council house estate and enjoying the alarmed expostulations

bound to result. But later the injunction "Keep straight on" at the beginning of a palpable five-mile stretch gets under his skin, and he mutters the first, fatal "I know, I know." Things then develop with astonishing speed. At what should be the next right fork he is allowed to take the left, and the navigator can make her own decision (did I say her? Oh, well) whether to tell him in a couple of miles' time or let him find out. In either event, when he ultimately stands on his brakes and yells "Why didn't you tell me?" she can mildly reply "I thought you knew." The ball is now in his court. He can play it several ways. Many men at this stage merely drive faster and say nothing, hoping to give the impression that they only let the navigator have the map to keep her amused, and are in fact homing on some infallible private beam... a course which in the long run lands them axle-deep at the end of a cul-de-sac farm-track with the petrol gauge registering 1 teasp. Others are wiser, and climb down, but are not men enough,

all the same, to refrain from pulling in to the side, taking over the maps and doing a bit of quick study, imagining in their vanity that they can commit a hundred miles of road to memory and put the navigator to shame. "I just wanted to check," they say kindly as soon as they are under way again, "where we cross the railway." After a five-mile pause the navigator speaks up: "We don't cross the railway." This puts the driver on his mettle. Admit himself in the wrong twice running? Never. Gritting his teeth he sets out to find a railway and cross it or bust; such situations land many an Eastbourne-goer in the middle of Leatherhead on a Saturday midnight, with no one to ask but a couple of late drunks who get the idea that he is trying to give them some sort of message.

2. *Advance Schooling by Friends.* I use the word friends loosely, meaning the men—women never do this—into whose small eyes a reddish gleam rushes as soon as you mention an excursion. They interrogate you fiercely:

- Q. You'll take the A.12, then?
 A. The what?
 Q. Straight the way through. Wickham Market, Saxmundham, Yoxford...?
 A. Well, I—
 Q. Blythburgh, Wangford, Wrentham...?
 A. Actually, I'm not quite—
 Q. Don't touch Peasenhall.
 A. (suddenly wanting to) Why not?
 Q. I shall never forget Peasenhall. In the summer of 1937—no, I'm a liar, it was '38 (etc., etc., etc.)

But this is nothing. Wait until he actually gets the map out, his great stubby fingers jabbing and stabbing at the places where each unmissable landmark would be if only it were marked. He produces other maps, in huge numbers, of larger and larger scale, right up to the Ordnance Survey, where you can count every tree in a spinney. You wonder where he gets them all; then after you've got away you find out, because he's taken all yours as well; your head's whirling; you can't remember whether you're supposed to leave Saffron Walden on the left or fork sharp right at Ipswich, and the only bit of cartography in the car is a sketch-map on the back of a postcard inviting you to a cocktail party in Woking last September.

3. *Not Asking the Way.* Only the studied development of true humility can overcome the motorist's inbred horror of having to ask the way. One reason for this is that it usually has to be asked of a pedestrian, whose feelings about a man who owns a £1,000 car but doesn't know Lower Beeding from Horsham are made woundingly plain; this, added to the self-abasement needed to address a mere foot-passenger at all, makes the task well-nigh impossible. The great, reeking gulf between the wheeled and the walking is never more obvious, and Yorkshire Motoring Association spokesmen say that more and more drivers from adjacent counties are going up there for the express purpose of shouting "Swine!" out of the window at passers-by: this relieves their feelings

on the entire motorist-pedestrian situation, and can, with careful inflexion, suggest an inquiry for the village of that name, a mile or two north of Hull.

There are, of course, subordinate factors. Searching from habit for signposts on the left, the eye tends to miss those placed, for variation, high up on lamp-posts in the middle of a market square, particularly if they are (a) small and green, (b) stoned into illegibility by local youth, and (c) obscured by a market actually in progress at the time.* Other causes of mis-routing are the navigator's preoccupation at vital junctions with nail-varnish, dropped sun-glasses, a passing fur coat, or the man in the car behind whom she thought at first to be the waiter you had at Newquay; and the driver's preoccupation with the overtaking of the car in front. This can reach such intensity that he will keep after the damned thing even when he *knows* it's going somewhere quite different.

All in all there is only one certain way of not getting lost, and that is to stick to the one road you really know. Millions are perfectly happy to do this, and accordingly may be seen, so stuck, on the good old A.23, London to Brighton, any fine Sunday morning you care to name.

Next Week : The Jekyll and Hyde of It.

* The A.A. book wastes a lot of good print giving members the market days of market towns. Any market day anywhere is the day you turn up there.



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